

THE
YOUNG VENETIAN
OR, THE
VICTIM OF IMAGINATION.

VOLUME IV.

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VICTIM OF IMAGINATION.,

BY
GRANVILLE JONES, ESQ.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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EUROPE and AFRIC! I have wandered
amid the tombs of Troy, and stood by the
altar of Medea, yet the poetry of the Hel-
lespont, and the splendour of the Sym-
plegades must yield to the majesty of the
Streights of Calpe.

Like some lone Titan, lurid and sub-
lime, his throne the mountains, and the
clouds his crown, the melancholy Mauri-
tania sits apart, and gazes on the mistress
he has lost.

And lo! from out the waves, that kiss
her feet, and bow before her beauty, she

softly rises with a wailing voice would she call back her dark-eyed lover, and does the memory of that bright embrace yet dwell within the hallowed sanctuary of her heart?

It was a glorious union. When were maidens fairer and more faithful—when were men more gentle and more brave? When did all that can adorn humanity more brightly flourish, and more sweetly bloom? Alas! for their fair cities, and fine gardens, and fresh fountains! Alas! for their delicate palaces, and glowing bowers of perfumed shade!

Will you fly with me from the dull toil of vulgar life? Will you wander for a moment amid the plains of Granada? Around us are those snowy and purple mountains, which a Caliph wept to quit.

They surround a land still prodigal of fruits, in spite of a Gothic government. You are gazing on the rows of blooming aloes, that are the only enclosures, with their flowery forms high in the warm air, you linger among those groves of Indian fig, you stare with strange delight at the first sight of the sugar-cane. Come away, come away, for on yon green and sunny hill, rises the ruby gate of that precious pile, whose name is a spell, and whose vision is romance.

Let us enter Alhambra!

See! here is the Court of Myrtles, and I gather you a sprig. Mark how exquisitely everything is proportioned, mark how slight, and small, and delicate! And now we are in the Court of Columns, the far-famed Court of Columns. Let us enter the chambers that open round this quad-

rangle. How beautiful are their deeply carved and purple roofs studded with gold, and the walls entirely covered with the most fanciful fretwork, relieved with that violet tint, which must have been copied from their Andalusian skies. Here, you may sit in the coolest shade, reclining on your divan with your beads or pipe, and view the most dazzling sunlight in the court, which assuredly must scorch the flowers, if the faithful lions ever ceased from pouring forth that element, which you must travel in Spain or Africa to honour. How many chambers! The Hall of the Ambassadors ever the most sumptuous. How fanciful is its mosaic ceiling of ivory and tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl and gold! And then the Hall of Justice with its cedar roof, and the

Harem, and the baths—all perfect. Not a single roof has yielded, thanks to those elegant horse-shoe arches, and those crowds of marble columns, with their oriental capitals. What a scene! Is it beautiful? Oh! conceive it in the time of the Boabdils—conceive it with all its costly decorations, all the gilding, all the imperial purple, all the violet relief, all the scarlet borders, all the glittering inscriptions, and precious mosaics, burnished, bright, and fresh. Conceive it full of still greater ornaments, the living groups with their splendid, and vivid, and picturesque costume, and, above all, their rich and shining arms, some standing in conversing groups, some smoking in sedate silence, some telling their beads, some squatting round a storier. Then the bustle and the rush, and the coming

horsemen, all in motion, and all glancing in the most brilliant Sun.

Enough of this! I am alone. Yet there was one being with whom I could have loved to roam in these imaginative halls, and found no solitude in the sole presence of her most sweet society.

Alhambra is a strong illustration of what I have long thought, that however there may be a standard of Taste, there is no standard of Style. I must place Alhambra with the Parthenon, the Pantheon, the Cathedral of Seville, the Temple of Dendera. They are different combinations of the same principles of taste. Thus we may equally admire Æschylus, Virgil, Calderon, and Ferdousi. There never could have been a controversy on such a point, if mankind had not confused the

ideas of Taste and Style. The Saracenic architecture is the most inventive and fanciful, but at the same time, the most fitting and delicate, that can be conceived. There would be no doubt about its title to be considered among the finest inventions of man, if it were better known. It is only to be found, in any degree of European perfection, in Spain. Some of the tombs of the Mamlouk Sultans in the desert round Cairo, wrongly styled by the French 'the tombs of the Caliphs,' are equal, I think, to Alhambra. When a person sneers at the Saracenic, ask him what he has seen? Perhaps a barbarous, although picturesque, building, called the Ducal Palace at Venice. What should we think of a man, who decided on the architecture of Agrippa by the buildings of Justinian, or judged the age of

Pericles by the restorations of Hadrian? Yet he would not commit so great a blunder. There is a Moorish palace, the Alcázar at Seville, a huge mosque at Cordova turned into a Cathedral, with partial alteration, Alhambra at Granada, these are the great specimens in Europe, and sufficient for all study. There is a shrine and chapel of a Moorish Saint at Cordova, quite untouched, with the blue mosaic and the golden honeycomb roof, as vivid, and as brilliant, as when the Santon was worshipped. In my life have I never seen any work of art more exquisite. The materials are the richest, the ornaments the most costly, and, in detail, the most elegant and the most novel, the most fanciful and the most flowing, that I ever contemplated. And yet nothing at the same time can be

conceived more just than the proportion of the whole, and more mellowed than the blending of the parts, which indeed Palladio could not excel.

II.

A SPANISH city sparkling in the Sun, with its white walls and verdant jalousies, is one of the most cheerful and most brilliant of the works of man. Figaro is in every street, and Rosina in every balcony.

The Moorish remains, the Christian churches, the gay national dress, a gorgeous priesthood, ever producing, in their dazzling processions and sacred festivals, an effect upon the business of the day, the

splendid pictures of a school of which we know nothing, theatres, alamedas, tertullas, bull-fights, boleros,—here is matter enough for amusement within the walls, and now let us see how they pass their time out of them.

When I was in the south of Spain the whole of Andalusia was overrun with robbers. These bands, unless irritated by a rash resistance, have of late seldom committed personal violence, but only lay you on the ground, and clear out your pockets. If however you have less than an ounce of gold, they shoot you. That is their tariff, which they have announced at all the principal towns, and, it must be confessed, is a light one. A weak government resolves society into its original elements, and robbery in Spain has become

more honourable than war, inasmuch as the robber is paid, and the soldier is in arrear. The traveller must defend himself. Some combine, some compromise. Merchants travel in corsarios or caravans well armed, persons of quality take a military escort, who, if cavalry, scamper off the moment they are attacked, and, if infantry, remain, and participate in the plunder. The government is only anxious about the post, and to secure that, pay the brigands black mail.

The country is thinly populated, with few villages or farm houses, but many towns and cities. It chiefly consists of immense plains of pasture-land, which, sunburnt in the summer, were a good preparation for the desert and intervening mountainous districts, such as the Sierra Morena, famous

in Cervantes, the Sierra Nevada of Granada, and the Sierra da Ronda, a country like the Abruzzi, entirely inhabited by brigands and smugglers, and which I once explored. I must say, that the wild beauty of the scenery entirely repaid me for some peril, and very great hardship. Returning from this district towards Cadiz, you arrive at Orense, one of the finest mountain-passes in the world. Its precipices and corkwoods would have afforded inexhaustible studies to Salvator. All this part of the country is full of pictures, and of a peculiar character. "I recommend Castellar to an adventurous artist.

"I travelled over Andalusia on horseback, and, in spite of many warnings, without any escort, or any companions but Lausanne and Titia, and little Spiro, and the

mulēteers who walk and occasionally increase the burthen of a sumpter steed. In general, like all the Spanish peasants, they are tall, finely made fellows, looking extremely martial with their low, round, black velvet hats, and coloured sashes, embroidered jackets and brilliant buttons. We took care not to have too much money, and no baggage, that we could not stow in our saddle-bags. I even followed the advice of an experienced guide, and was as little ostentatious as possible of my arms, for to a Spanish bandit, foreign pistols are sometimes a temptation, instead of a terror. Such prudent humility will not, however, answer in the East, where you cannot be too well, or too magnificently, armed.

We were, in general, in our saddles at four o'clock, and stopped, on account of

the heat, from ten till five in the evening, and then proceeded for three or four hours more. I have travelled through three successive nights, and seen the Sun set, and rise, without quitting my saddle, which all men cannot say. It is impossible to conceive anything more brilliant, than an Andalusian summer moon. You lose nothing of the landscape, which is only softened, not obscured, and absolutely the heats are warm. Generally speaking, we contrived to reach, for our night's bivouac, some village, which usually boasts a place called a Posada. If this failed, there was sometimes a convent, and were we unfortunate in this expedient, we made pillows of our saddles, and beds of our cloaks. A Posada is in fact a Khan, and a very bad one. The same roof holds the cattle, the

kitchen, the family, and boards and mats for travellers to sleep on. Your host affords no provisions, and you must cater as you proceed, and, what is more, cook when you have catered. Yet the Posada, in spite of so many causes, is seldom dirty, and for the Spaniards, notwithstanding their reputation, I claim the character of the most cleanly nation in Europe. Nothing is more remarkable, than the delicacy of the lower orders. All that frequent whitewash, and constant ablution, can effect against a generating Sun, they employ. You would think that a Spanish woman had no other occupation than to maintain the cleanliness of her chamber. Most assuredly they are a clean people. They have too much self-respect, not to be clean: I once remember Lausanne

rating a muleteer, who was somewhat tardy in his preparations. 'What!' exclaimed the peasant reproachfully, 'would you have me go without a clean shirt?' Now when we remember, that this man only put on his clean shirt to toil on foot for thirty or forty miles, we may admire his high feeling, and doubt whether we might match this incident even by that wonder, an English Postilion.

Certainly the Spaniards are a noble race. They are kind and faithful, courageous and honest, with a profound mind, that will nevertheless break into rich humour, and a dignity which, like their passion, is perhaps the legacy of their oriental sires.

But see! we have gained the summit of the hill. Behold! the noble range of the Morena mountains extends before us, and

at their base is a plain worthy of such a boundary. Yon river, winding amid bowers of orange, is the beautiful Guadalquivir, and that city, with its many spires and mighty mosque, is the famous Cordova!

III.

THE court-yard was full of mules, a body of infantry were bivouacking under the colonnades. There were several servants, all armed, and a crowd of muleteers with bludgeons.

‘Tis a great lady from Madrid, Sir,’ observed Tita, who was lounging in the court.

I had now been several days at Córdova, and intended to depart at sunset, for Granada. The country between these two cities is more infested by brigands, than any tract in Spain. The town was rife with their daring exploits. Every traveller, during the last month, had been plundered, and only the night before my arrival, they had, in revenge for some attempt of the Governor to interfere, burned down a farm-house a few miles without the gates.

When I entered the hotel, the landlord came up to me and advised me to postpone my departure for a few hours, as a great lady from Madrid was about to venture the journey, and depart at midnight towards Malaga with a strong escort. He doubted not that she would consent with

pleasure to my joining their party. I did not feel, I fear, as grateful for his proposition as I ought to have been. I was tired of Cordova, I had made up my mind to depart at a particular hour. I had hitherto escaped the brigands; I began to suspect that their activity was exaggerated. At the worst, I apprehended no great evil. Some persons always escaped, and I was confident in my fortune.

‘What is all this?’ I inquired of Lausanne.

‘Tis a great lady from Madrid,’ replied Lausanne.

‘And have you seen her?’

‘I have not, Sir, but I have seen her husband.’

‘Oh! she has a husband, then I certainly will not stop.’ At sunset we go.’

In half an hour's time the landlord again entered my room, with an invitation from the great lady and her lord to join them at dinner. Of course I could not refuse, although I began to suspect that my worthy host, in his considerate suggestions, had perhaps been influenced by other views than merely my security.

I repaired to the saloon. It was truly a Gil Blas scene. The grandee, in an undress uniform, and highly imposing in appearance, greeted me with dignity. He was of middle age, with a fine form and a strongly-marked, true Castillian countenance, but very handsome. The Senora was exceedingly young, and really very pretty, with infinite vivacity and grace. A French valet leant over the husband's chair, and a duenna, broad and supercilious, with bead-

jet eyes, mahogany complexion, and cocked-up nose, stood by her young mistress, refreshing her with a huge fan.

After some general and agreeable conversation, the Senor introduced the intended journey, and, understanding that I was about to proceed in the same direction, offered me the advantage of his escort. The Dama most energetically impressed upon me the danger of travelling alone, and I was brutal enough to suspect, that she had more confidence in foreign aid than in the courage of her countrymen.

I was in one of those ungallant fits that sometimes come over men of shattered nerves. I had looked forward with moody pleasure, to a silent moonlit ride. I shrunk from the constant effort of continued conversation. It did not appear,

that my chivalry would be grievously affected in an almost solitary cavalier deserting a dame environed by a military force, and a band of armed retainers." In short, I was not seduced by the prospect of security, and rash enough to depart alone.

The moon rose. I confess our anxiety. The muleteer prophesied an attack. 'They will be out,' said he, 'for the great lady; we cannot escape.' We passed two travelling friars on their mules, who gave us their blessing, and I observed to-night, by the road side more crosses than usual, and each of these is indicative of a violent death. We crossed an immense plain, and entered a broken mule track through uneven ground. We were challenged by a picquet, and I, who was ahead, nearly

got shot for not answering. It was a corsario of armed merchants returning from the fair of Ronda. We stopped and made inquiries, but could learn nothing, and we continued our journey for several hours, in silence, by the most brilliant moon. We began to hope we had escaped, when suddenly a muleteer informed us, that he could distinguish a trampling of horse in the distance. Ave! Maria! A cold perspiration came over us. Decidedly they approached. We drew up out of pure fear. I had a pistol in one hand, and my purse in the other, to act according to circumstances. The band were clearly in sight. I was encouraged by finding that they were a rather uproarious crew. They turned out to be a company of actors travelling to Cor-

dova. There were dresses and decorations, scenery and machinery, all on mules and donkeys: the singers rehearsing an opera, the principal tragedian riding on an ass, and the buffo most serious, looking as grave as night, with a cigar, and in greater agitation than all the rest. The women, were in side-saddles like sedans, and there were whole panniers of children. Some of the actresses were chaunting an ~~age~~, while, in more than one instance, their waists were encircled by the brawny arm of a more robust devotee. All this irresistibly reminded me of Cervantes.

Night waned, and, instead of meeting robbers, we discovered that we had only lost our way. At length we stumbled upon some peasants sleeping in the field amid the harvest, who told us that it was

utterly impossible to regain our road, and so, our steeds and ourselves being equally wearied, we dismounted, and turned our saddles into pillows.

I was roused, after a couple of hours' sound slumber, by the Rosario, a singing procession, in which the peasantry congregate to their labours. It is most effective, full of noble chaunts, and melodious responses, that break upon the still fresh air, and your fresher feelings, in a manner truly magical. This is the country for a national novelist. The out-door life of the natives induces a variety of most picturesque manners, while their semi-civilization makes each district retain, with barbarous jealousy, their peculiar customs.

I heard a shot at no great distance. It was repeated. To horse, to horse! I

roused Lausanne and Tita. It occurred to me directly. Shots were interchanged. We galloped in the direction of the sound, followed by several peasants, and firing our pistols. Two or three runaway soldiers met us. 'Carraho! Scoundrels turn back!' we cried. In a few minutes we were in sight of the combat. It was a most unequal one, and nearly finished. A robber had hold of the arm of the great lady of Madrid, who was dismounted, and seated on a bank. Her husband was leaning on his sword, and evidently agreeing to a capitulation. The servants seemed still disposed to fight. Two or three wounded men were lying on the field: soldiers, and mules, and muleteers, running about in all directions.

Tita, who was an admirable shot, fired

the moment he was in reach, and brought down his man. I ran up to the lady, but not in time to finish her assailant, who was off in a flash. The robbers surprised, disorderly, and plundering, made no fight, and we permitted them to retreat with some severe loss.

Exclamations, gratitude, hysterics. Lausanne in the mean time produced order. The infantry rallied, the mules re-assembled, the baggage was again arranged. The travellers were the Marquis and Marchioness of Santiago, who were about to pay a visit to their relative, the Governor of Malaga. I remained with them until we reached Granada, when the most dangerous portion of this journey was completed, and I parted from these agreeable persons with a promise to visit

them on my arrival at their place of destination.

IV.

THERE is not a more beautiful and solemn temple in the world, than the great Cathedral of Seville. When you enter from the glare of a Spanish sky, so deep is the staining of the glass, and so small and few the windows, that, for a moment, you feel in darkness. Gradually, the vast design of the Gothic artist unfolds itself to your vision : gradually rises up before you the profuse sumptuousness of the High Altar; with its tall images, and velvet and gold hangings, its gigantic

raillings of brass and massy candlesticks of silver,—all revealed by the dim and perpetual light of the sacred and costly lamps.

You steal with a subdued spirit over the marble pavement. All is still, save the hushed muttering of the gliding priests. Around you, are groups of kneeling worshippers, some prostrate on the ground, some gazing upwards with their arms crossed, in mute devotion, some beating their breasts and counting their consoling beads. Lo! the tinkling of a bell. The mighty organ bursts forth. Involuntarily, you fall upon your knees, and listen to the rising chaunting of the solemn choir. A procession moves from an adjoining chapel. A band of crimson acolytes advance, waving their censers, and

the melody of their distant voices responds to the deep-toned invocations of the nearer Canons.

There are a vast number of chapels in this Cathedral on each side of the principal nave. Most of them are adorned with masterpieces of the Spanish school. Let us approach one. The light is good, and let us gaze through this iron railing upon the picture it encloses.

I see a Saint falling upon his knees, and extending his enraptured arm to receive an infant God. What mingled love, enthusiasm, devotion, reverence, blend in the countenance of the holy man! But, oh! that glowing group of seraphim, sailing and smiling in the sunny splendour of that radiant sky;—who has before gazed upon such grace, such ineffable and charming

beauty! And in the back-ground, is an altar, whereon is a vase holding some lilies, that seem as if they were just gathered. There is but one artist, who could have designed this picture, there is but one man, who could have thus combined ideal grace with natural simplicity, there is but one man, who could have painted that diaphanous heaven, and those fresh lilies. Inimitable Murillo!

V.

A SPANISH bull-fight taught me fully to comprehend the rapturous exclamation of

Panem et Circenses! The amusement apart, there is something magnificent in the assembled thousands of an amphi-

theatre. It is the trait in modern manners, which most effectually recalls the nobility of antique pastime. "

The poetry of a bull-fight is very much destroyed by the appearance of the cavaliers. Instead of gay, gallant knights, bounding on caracolling steeds, three or four shapeless, unwieldy beings, cased in armour of stuffed leather, and looking more like Dutch burgomasters than Spanish chivalry, enter the lists on limping rips. The bull is, in fact, the executioner for the dogs, and an approaching bull-fight is a respite for any doomed steed throughout all Seville.

The Tauridors, in their varying, fanciful, costly, and splendid dresses, compensate, in a great measure, for your disappointment. It is difficult to conceive a

more brilliant band. These are ten or a dozen footmen, who engage the bull unarmed, distract him, as he rushes at one of the cavaliers by unfolding, and dashing, before his eyes a glittering scarf, and saving themselves from an occasional chace by practised agility, which elicits great applause. The performance of these Tauridors is, without doubt, the most graceful, the most exciting, and the most surprising portion of the entertainment.

The ample theatre is nearly full. Be careful to sit on the shady side. There is the suspense experienced at all public entertainments, only here upon a great scale. Men are gliding about selling fans and refreshments. The Governor and his suite enter their box. A trumpet sounds! all is silent.

The knights advance, poising their spears, and for a moment trying to look graceful. The Tauridors walk behind them, two by two. They proceed around, and across, the lists. They bow to the Vice-regal party, and commend themselves to the Virgin, whose portrait is suspended above.

Another trumpet! A second, and a third blast. The Governor throws the signal. The den opens, and the bull bounds in. That first spring is very fine. The animal stands for a moment still, staring, stupified. Gradually his hoof moves; he paws the ground; he dashes about the sand. The knights face him with their extended lances at due distance. The Tauridors are all still. One flies across him, and waves his scarf. The enraged

bull makes at the nearest horseman. He is frustrated in his attack. Again, he plants himself, lashes his tail, and rolls about his eye. He makes another charge, and, this time, the glance of the spear does not drive him back. He gores the horse, rips up its body, the steed staggers, and falls. The bull rushes at the rider, and his armour will not now preserve him, but, just as his awful horn is about to avenge his future fate, a skilful Tauridor skims before him, and flaps his nostril with his scarf. He flies after his new assailant, and immediately finds another. Now you are delighted by all the evolutions of this consummate band; occasionally they can only save themselves by leaping the barrier. The knight, in the meantime, rises, escapes, and mounts another steed.

The bull now makes a rush at another horseman. The horse dexterously veers aside. The bull rushes on, but the knight wounds him severely in the flank with his lance. The Tauridors now appear armed with darts. They rush with extraordinary swiftness and dexterity at the now infuriate animal, plant their galling weapons in different parts of his body, and scud away. To some of their darts are affixed fireworks, which ignite by the pressure of the stab. The animal is then as bewildered as infuriate. The amphitheatre echoes to his roaring, and witnesses the greatest efforts of his rage. He flies at all, staggering and streaming with blood; at length breathless and exhausted, he stands at bay, his black swollen tongue hanging out, and his mouth covered with foam.

'Tis horrible. Throughout, a stranger's feelings are for the bull, although this even the fairest Spaniard cannot comprehend. As it is now evident, that the noble victim can only amuse them by his death, there is an universal cry for the Matador, and the Matador, gaily dressed, appears amid a loud cheer. The Matador is a great artist. Strong nerves, must combine with great quickness, and great experience, to form an accomplished Matador. It is a rare character, highly prized. Their fame exists after their death, and different cities pride themselves on producing, or possessing, the eminent.

The Matador plants himself before the bull, and shakes a red cloak suspended over a drawn sword. This last insult excites the lingering energy of the dying

hero. He makes a violent charge, the mantle falls over his face, and the sword enters his spine, and he falls amid thundering shouts. The death is instantaneous, without a struggle and without a groan. A car, decorated with flowers and ribbons, and drawn by oxen, now appears, and bears off the body in triumph.

I have seen eighteen horses killed in a bull fight, and eight bulls. But the sport is not always in proportion to the slaughter. Sometimes the bull is a craven, and then, if after having recourse to every mode of excitement he will not charge, he is kicked out of the arena, amid the jeers and hisses of the audience. Every act of skill on the part of the Tauridors elicits applause, nor do the spectators hesitate, if necessary, to mark their temper by a contrary method.

On the whole, it is a magnificent, but barbarous spectacle, and however disgusting the principal object, the accessories of the entertainment are so brilliant and interesting, that, whatever may be their abstract disapprobation, those who have witnessed a Spanish bull-fight, will not be surprised at the passionate attachment of the Spanish people to their national pastime.

VI.

THERE is a calm voluptuousness about Spanish life that wonderfully accorded with the disposition in which I then found myself, so that, had my intellect been at command, I do not know any place where I would more

willingly have indulged it. The imagination in such a country is ever at work, and beauty and grace are not scared away by those sounds and sights, those constant cares and changing feelings, which are the proud possession of lands, which consider themselves more blessed.

You rise early, and should breakfast lightly, although a table covered with all fruits, renders that rather difficult to those, who have a passion for the most delightful productions of Nature, and would willingly linger over a medley of grape, and melon, and gourd, and prickly pear. In the morning, you never quit the house, and these are hours, which might be delightfully employed under the inspiration of a climate, which is itself poetry, for it sheds over everything a golden hue, which does

not exist in the objects themselves illuminated. I could then indulge only in a calm reverie, for I found the least exertion of mind instantly aggravate all my symptoms. But to exist, and to feel existence more tolerable, to observe, and to remember, to record a thought that suddenly starts up, or catch a new image which glances over the surface of the mind—this was still left me. But the moment that I attempted to meditate or combine, to ascertain a question that was doubtful, or in any way to call the higher powers of intellect into play, that moment I felt a lost man. My brain seemed to palpitate with frenzy. An indescribable feeling of idiocy came over me, and for hours I was plunged in a state of the darkest despair. When the curse had

subsided] to its usual dull degree of horror, my sanguine temper called me again to life and hope. My general health had never been better, and this supported me under the hardships of Spanish travelling. I never for a moment gave way to my real feelings, except under a paroxysm, and then I fled to solitude. But I resolved to pursue this life only for a year, and if at the end of that period I found no relief, the convent and the cloister should at least afford me repose. This was a firm determination.

But 'tis three o'clock, and all this time we should be at dinner. The Spanish kitchen is not much to my taste, being rich and rather gross. And yet, for a pleasant, as well as picturesque dish, commend me to an Olla Podrida ! After dinner, comes

the famed Siesta. I generally slept for two hours. I think this practice conducive to health in hot climes. The aged however are apt to carry it to excess. By the time you have risen, and made your toilette, it is the hour to steal forth, and call upon any agreeable family, whose Tertulla you may choose to honour, which you do, after the first time, uninvited, and with them you take your chocolate. This is often in the air: under the colonnade of the patio, or interior quadrangle of the mansion. Here you while away the time with music and easy talk, until it is cool enough for the Alameda, or public promenade. At Cadiz and Malaga, and even at Seville, up the Guadalquivir, you are sure of a delightful breeze from the water. The sea-breeze comes like a spirit. The

effect is quite magical. As you are loling in listless languor in the hot and perfumed air, an invisible guest comes dancing into the party, and touches all with an enchanted wand. All start, all smile. It has come, it is the sea-breeze. There is much discussion whether it be as strong as, or whether weaker than, the night before. The ladies furl their fans, and seize their mantillas; the cavaliers stretch their legs, and give signs of life. All rise. You offer your arm to Dolores or Catalina, and in ten minutes you are on the Alameda. What a change! All is now life and liveliness. Such bowing, such kissing, such fluttering of fans, such gentle criticisms of gentle friends! But the fan is the most wonderful part of the whole scene. A Spanish lady with her fan,

might shame the tactics of a troop of horse. Now she unfurls it with the slow pomp, and conscious elegance, of the bird of Juno; now she flutters it with all the languor of a listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Now, in the midst of a very Tornado, she closes it with a whirr, which makes you start. Pop! In the midst of your confusion, Dolores taps you on your elbow; you turn round to listen, and Catalina pokes you in your side. Magical instrument! In this land it speaks a particular language, and gallantry requires no other mode to express its most subtle conceits, or its most unreasonable demands, than this delicate machine. Yet we should remember that here, as in the North, it is not confined to the delightful sex. The Cavalier also has

his fan, and that the habit may not be considered an indication of effeminacy, learn that, in this scorching clime, the soldier will not mount guard without this solace.

But Night wears on. We seat ourselves, we take a fanal, a fanciful refreshment which also, like the confectionery of Venice, I have since discovered to be Oriental. Again we stroll. Midnight clears the public walk, but few Spanish families retire until a much later hour. A solitary bachelor, like myself, still wanders, lingering where the dancers softly move in the warm moonlight, and indicate, by the grace of their eager gestures, and the fullness of their languid eyes, the fierceness of their passion. At length the castanet is silent, the tinkling of the last guitar dies away, and the Cathedral clock breaks

up your reverie. You, too, seek your couch, and amid a sweet flow of loveliness, and light, and music, and fresh air, thus dies a day in Spain !

VII.

THE Spanish women are 'very interesting.' What we associate with the idea of female beauty, is not perhaps very common in this country. There are seldom those seraphic countenances, which strike you dumb, or blind, but faces, in abundance, which will never pass without commanding admiration. Their charms consist in their sensibility. Each incident, every person, every word, touches the fancy of a Spanish lady, and her expressive features are

constantly confuting the creed of the Moslem. But there is nothing quick, harsh, or forced about her. She is extremely unaffected, and not at all French. Her eyes gleam rather than sparkle, she speaks with vivacity, but in sweet tones, and there is in all her carriage, particularly when she walks, a certain dignified grace, which never deserts her, and which is very remarkable.

The general female dress in Spain is of black silk, called a *basquina*, and a black silk shawl, with which they usually envelope their heads, called a *mantilla*. As they walk along in this costume in an evening, with their soft dark eyes dangerously conspicuous, you willingly believe in their universal charms. They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair. Of

this they are very proud, and indeed its luxuriance is only equalled by the attention which they lavish on its culture. I have seen a young girl of fourteen, whose hair reached her feet, and was as glossy as the curl of a Contessa. All day long, even the lowest order are brushing, curling, and arranging it. A fruit-woman has her hair dressed with as much care as the Duchess of Ossuna. In the summer, they do not wear their mantilla over their heads, but show their combs, which are of very great size. The fashion of these combs varies constantly. Every two or three months, you may observe a new form. It is the part of the costume, of which a Spanish woman is most proud. The moment that a new comb appears, even a servant wench will run to the

melter's with her old one, and thus, with the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday in the newest style. These combs are worn at the back of the head. They are of tortoise-shell, and with the very fashionable, they are white. I sat next to a lady of high distinction at a bull-fight at Seville. She was the daughter-in-law of the Captain-General of the Province, and the most beautiful Spaniard I ever met. Her comb was white, and she wore a mantilla of blonde, without doubt extremely valuable, for it was very dirty. The effect, however, was charming. Her hair was glossy black, her eyes like an antelope's, and all her other features deliciously soft. She was further adorned, which is rare in Spain, with a rosy cheek, for in Spain our heroines are rather sal-

low. But they counteract this slight defect by never appearing until twilight, which calls them from their bowers, fresh, though languid, from the late siesta.

The only fault of the Spanish beauty is, that she too soon indulges in the magnificence of embonpoint. There are, however, many exceptions. At seventeen, a Spanish beauty is poetical. Tall, lithe, and clear, and graceful as a jennet, who can withstand the summer lightning of her soft and languid glance? As she advances, if she do not lose her shape, she resembles Juno rather than Venus. Majestic she ever is, and if her feet be less twinkling than in her first bolero, look on her hand, and you'll forgive them all.

VIII.

At Malaga, I again met the Santiagos, and, through their medium, became acquainted with a young French nobleman, who had served in the expedition against Algiers, and retired from the army in consequence of the recent revolution in his native country. The rapturous tone in which he spoke of the delights of Oriental life, and of his intention to settle permanently in Egypt, or some other part of the Ottoman Empire, excited in me a great desire to visit those countries, for which my residence in a Grecian Isle had somewhat prepared me. And on inquiry at the quay, finding that there was a vessel

bound for the Ionian Isles at present in harbour, and about to sail, I secured our passage, and in a few days quitted the Iberian Peninsula.

IX.

IN sight of the ancient Cœcyra, I could not forget, that the island I beheld had given rise to one of the longest and most celebrated, and most fatal, of ancient wars. The immortal struggle of the Peloponnesus was precipitated, if not occasioned, by a feeling of colonial jealousy. There is a great difference between ancient and modern colonies. A modern colony is a commercial enterprise, an ancient colony was a political settlement. In the emigration of

our citizens, hitherto, we have merely sought the means of acquiring wealth; the ancients, when their brethren quitted their native shores, wept and sacrificed, and were reconciled to the loss of their fellow-citizens solely by the constraint of stern necessity, and the hope that they were about to find easier subsistence, and to lead a more cheerful, and commodious life. I believe, that a great revolution is at hand in our system of colonization, and that Europe will soon recur to the principles of the ancient polity.

Old Corcyra is now the modern Corfu—a lovely isle, with all that you hope to meet in a Grecian sea—gleamy waters, woody bays, the cypress, the olive, and the vine, a clear sky and a warm sun. I learnt here, that a civil war raged in

Albania and the neighbouring provinces of European Turkey, and, in spite of all advice, I determined, instead of advancing into Greece, to attempt to penetrate to the Turkish camp, and witness, if possible, a campaign. With these views, I engaged a small vessel to carry me to Prevesa.

K.

I WAS now in the Ambracian Gulf, those famous waters, where the soft Triumvir gained greater glory by defeat, than attends the victory of harsher warriors. The site is not unworthy of the beauty of Cleopatra. From the sinuosity of the land, this gulf appears like a vast lake,

walled in on all sides by mountains more or less distant. The dying glory of a Grecian eve bathed with warm light a thousand promontories, and gentle bays, and infinite undulations of purple outline. Before me was Olympus, whose austere peak glittered yet in the sun; a bend of the shore alone concealed from me the islands of Ulysses and of Sappho.

As I gazed upon this scene, I thought almost with disgust of the savage splendour and turbulent existence, in which perhaps I was about to mingle; I recurred to the feelings in the indulgence of which I could alone find felicity, and from which an inexorable destiny seemed resolved to shut me out.

Hark! the clang of the barbaric horn, and the wild clash of the cymbal. A body

of Turkish infantry marched along the shore. I landed, and learnt, for the first time, of the massacre of the principal rebel Beys at Monastir, at a banquet given by the Grand Vizier on pretence of arranging all differences. My host, a Frank, experienced in the Turkish character, checked me, as I poured forth my indignation at this savage treachery. ‘Live a little longer in these countries before you hazard an opinion as to their conduct. Do you indeed think that the rebel Beys of Albania were so simple as to place the slightest trust in the Vizier’s pledge. The practice of politics in the East may be defined by one word—dissimulation. The most wary dissembler is the most consummate statesman. The Albanian chiefs went up to the divan in full array, and accompanied by a select

body of their best troops. They were resolved to overawe the Vizier, perhaps they even meditated, with regard to him, the very stroke, which he had put in execution against themselves. He was the most skilful dissembler, that is all. His manner threw them off their guard. With their troops bivouacking in the court-yard, they did not calculate that his highness could contrive to massacre the troops by an ambush, and would dare, at the same moment, to attack the leaders by their very attendants at the banquet. There is no feeling of indignation in the country, at the treachery of the conqueror, though a very strong sentiment of rage, and mortification, and revenge.

I learnt that the Grand Vizier had rejoined the main army, and was supposed

to have advanced to Yanina, the capital, that in the meantime the country, between this city and the coast, was overrun with prowling hands, the remnants of the rebel army, who, infuriate and flying, massacred, burnt, and destroyed, all persons and all property. This was an agreeable prospect. My friend dissuaded me from my plans, but, as I was unwilling to relinquish them, he recommended me to sail up to Salora, and from thence journey to Arta, where I might seek assistance, from Kalio Bey, a Moslemin chief, one of the most powerful and wealthy of the Albanian nobles, and ever faithful to the Porte.

To Salora, I consequently repaired, and, the next day, succeeded in reaching Arta, a town once as beautiful as its site, and famous for its gardens, but now a mass of

ruin. The whole place was razed to the ground, the minaret of the principal mosque alone untouched, and I shall never forget the effect of the Muezzin with his rich, and solemn, and sonorous voice, calling us to adore God in the midst of all this human havoc.

I found the Bey of Artá keeping his state, which, notwithstanding the surrounding desolation, was not contemptible, in a tenement which was not much better than a large shed. He was a very handsome, stately man, grave but not dull, and remarkably mild and bland in his manner. His polished courtesy might perhaps be ascribed to his recent imprisonment in Russia, where he was treated with so much consideration, that he mentioned it to me. I had lived in such complete solitude in

Canidia, and had there been so absorbed by passion, that I really was much less acquainted with Turkish manners, than I ought to have been. I must confess, that it was with some awe, that, for the first time in my life, I entered the divan of a great Turk, and found myself sitting cross-legged on the right hand of a Bey, smoking an amber-mouthed chibouque, sipping coffee, and paying him compliments through an interpreter.

There were several guests in the room, chiefly his officers. They were, as the Albanians in general, finely-formed men, with expressive countenances, and spare forms. Their picturesque dress is celebrated, though, to view it with full effect, it should be seen upon an Albanian. The long hair, and the small cap, the crimson

velvet vest and jacket, embroidered and embossed with golden patterns of the most elegant and flowing forms, the white and purple kilt, the ornamented buskins, and the belt full of silver-sheathed arms,—it is difficult to find humanity in better plight.

There was a considerable appearance of affairs, and of patriarchal solicitude in the Divan of Kaho Bey. It is possible, that it was not always as busy, and that he was not uninfluenced by the pardonable vanity of impressing a stranger with his importance and beneficence. Many persons entered, and casting off their slippers at the door, advanced and parleyed; to some was given money, to all directions, and the worthy Bey doled out his piastres and his instructions with equal solemnity.

At length, I succeeded in calling my host's attention to the purport of my visit, and he readily granted me an escort of twenty of his Albanians. He was even careful that they should be picked men, and, calculating that I might reach the capital in two days, he drew his writing materials from his belt, and gave me a letter to a Turkish Bimbashée, or Colonel, who was posted with his force in the mountains I was about to pass, and under the only roof which probably remained between Arta and Yanina. He pressed me to remain his guest, though there was little, he confessed, to interest me, but I was anxious to advance, and so, after many thanks, I parted from the kind Kadio Bey.

XI.

By day-break, we departed, and journeyed, for many hours, over a wild range of the ancient Pindus, stopping only once for a short rest at a beautiful fountain of marble. Here we all dismounted, and lighted a fire, boiled the coffee, and smoked our pipes. There were many fine groups, but little Spiro was not as delighted as I expected at finding himself once more among his countrymen.

An hour before sunset, we found ourselves at a vast, but dilapidated, Khan, as big as a Gothic castle, situated on a high range, and built for the accommodation of travellers from the capital to the coast by

the great Ali Pacha, when his long, sagacious, and unmolested reign permitted him to develope, in a country which combines the excellencies of Western Asia and Southern Europe, some of the intended purposes of a beneficent Nature. This Khan had now been converted into a military post, and here we found the Turkish commander, to whom Kalio Bey had given me a letter. He was a young man of very elegant and pleasing exterior, but unluckily could not understand a word of Greek, and we had no interpréter. What was to be done? Proceed we could not, for there was not an inhabited place before Yanina, and here was I sitting before sunset on the same Divan with my host, who had entered the place to receive me, and would not leave the room while I was

there, without the power of communicating an idea. I was in despair, and also very hungry, and could not therefore, in the course of an hour or two, plead fatigue as an excuse for sleep, for I was ravenous, and anxious to know what prospect of food existed in this wild and desolate mansion. So we smoked. It is a great resource. But this wore out, and it was so ludicrous smoking and looking at each other, and dying to talk, and then exchanging pipes by way of compliment, and then pressing our hands to our hearts by way of thanks. At last it occurred to me, that I had some brandy, and that I would offer my host a glass, which might serve as a hint for what should follow so vehement a schnaps. Mashallah! the effect was indeed miraculous! My mild

friend smacked his lips, and instantly asked for another cup. We drank it in coffee-cups. A bottle of brandy was dispatched in quicker time, and fairer proportions, than had ever solemnized the decease of the same portion of Burgundy. We were extremely gay. The Bimbashee ordered some dried figs, talking all the time, and indulging in the most graceful pantomime, examining my pistols, enquiring about percussion locks, which greatly surprised him, handing his own more ornamented, although less effective, weapons for my inspection, and finally making out Greek enough to misunderstand most ludicrously every observation communicated. But all was taken in good part, and I never met such a jolly fellow in the course of my life.

In the mean time, I became painfully ravenous, for the dry, round, unsugary fig of Albania is a great whetter. At last, I asked for bread. The Bimbashee gravely bowed, and said, 'Leave it to me, take no thought,' and nothing more occurred. I prepared myself for hungry dreams, when, to my great astonishment and delight, a capital supper was brought in, accompanied, to my equal horror, by wine. We ate with our fingers. It was the first time I had performed such an operation. You soon get used to it, and dash, but in turn, at the choice morsels with perfect coolness. One, with a basin and ewer, is in attendance, and the whole process is by no means so terrible as it would first appear to European habits. For drinking—we really drank with a

rarity which, with me, was unprecedented. The wine was not bad, but, had it been poison, the forbidden juice was such a compliment from a Moslem, that I must quaff it all. We quaffed it in rivers. The Bimbashee called for brandy. Unfortunately there was another bottle. We drank it all. The room turned round, the wild attendants, who sat at our feet, seemed dancing in strange whirls, the Bimbashee shook hands with me, he shouted Italian, I, Turkish. 'Buono, Buono,' he had caught up,—'Pecche, Pecche,' was my rejoinder, which, let me inform the reader, although I do not even now know much more, is very good Turkish. He roared, he patted me on the back. I remember no more.

In the middle of the night, I awoke. I

found myself sleeping on the Divan, rolled up in its sacred carpet. The Bimbashee had wisely reeled to the fire. The thirst I felt was like that of Dives. All were sleeping except two, who kept up during the night the great wood fire. I rose, lightly stepping over my sleeping companions, and the shining arms that here and there informed me that the dark mass wrapped up in a capote was a human being. I found Abraham's bosom in a flagon of water. I think I must have drank a gallon at the draught. I looked at the wood fire, and thought of the blazing blocks in the Hall of Jonsterna, asked myself whether I were indeed in the mountain fastness of a Turkish chief, and shrugging my shoulders, went to sleep, and woke without a headache.

XII.

I PARTED from my jovial host the next morning very cordially, and gave him my pipe, as a memorial of having got tipsy together.

After having crossed one more range of steep mountains, we descended into a vast plain, over which we journeyed for some hours, the country presenting the same mournful aspect which I had too long observed: villages in ruins, and perfectly desolate—khans deserted, and fortresses rased to the ground—olive woods burnt up, and fruit trees cut down. So complete had been the work of destruction, that I often unexpectedly found my horse stumb-

ling amid the foundation of a village, and what at first appeared the dry bed of a torrent, often turned out to be the backbone of the skeleton of a ravaged town. At the end of the plain, immediately backed by very lofty mountains, and jutting into the beautiful lake that bears its name, we suddenly came upon the city of Yanina. Suddenly, for a long tract of gradually rising ground had hitherto concealed it from our sight. At the distance I first beheld it, this city once, if not, the largest, one of the most thriving and brilliant in the Turkish dominions, was still imposing, but when I entered I soon found that all preceding desolation had been only preparative to the vast scene of destruction now before me. We proceeded through a street winding in its course, but of very

great length. Ruined houses, mosques with their tower only standing, streets utterly razed—these are nothing. We met great patches of ruin a mile square, as if an army of locusts had had the power of desolating the works of man, as well as those of God. The great heart of the city was a sea of ruin—arches and pillars, isolated and shattered, still here and there jutting forth, breaking the uniformity of the annihilation, and turning the horrible into the picturesque. • The great Bazaar, itself a little town, had been burnt down only a few days before my arrival, by an infuriate band of Albanian warriors, who heard of the destruction of their chiefs by the Grand Vizier. They revenged themselves on Tyranny by destroying Civilization.

But while the city itself presented this mournful appearance, its other characteristics were anything but sad. At this moment a swarming population, arrayed in every possible and fanciful costume, buzzed and bustled in all directions. As I passed on, and myself of course not unobserved, where a Frank had not penetrated for nine years, a thousand objects attracted my restless attention and roving eye. Everything was so strange and splendid, that for a moment I forgot that this was an extraordinary scene even for the East, and gave up my fancy to a full credulity in the now almost obsolete magnificence of Oriental life. I longed to write an Eastern Tale. Military chieftains, clothed in the most brilliant colours and sumptuous furs, and attended by a

cortege of officers equally splendid, continually passed us. Now for the first time a Dervish saluted me; and now a Delhi, with his high cap, reined in his desperate steed, as the suite of some Pacha blocked up some turning of the street. It seemed to me that my first day in a Turkish city brought before me all the popular characteristics of which I had read, and which I expected occasionally to observe during a prolonged residence. I remember, as I rode on this day, I observed a Turkish Scheik in his entirely green vestments, a Scribe with his writing materials in his girdle, an ambulatory physician and his boy. I gazed about me with a mingled feeling of delight and wonder.

Suddenly a strange, wild, unearthly drum is heard, and, at the end of the street,

a huge camel, with a slave sitting cross-legged on its neck, and playing upon an immense Kettledrum, appears, and is the first of an apparently interminable procession of his Arabian brethren. The camels were very large, they moved slowly, and were many in number. There were not less than a hundred moving on one by one. To me who had then never seen a caravan, it was a novel and impressive spectacle. All immediately hustled out of the way of the procession, and seemed to shrink under the sound of the wild drum. The camels bore corn for the Vizier's troops encamped without the walls.

At length I reached the house of a Greek physician, to whom I carried letters. My escort repaired to the quarters of their chieftain's son, who was in the city in

attendance on the Grand Vizier, and for myself I was glad enough once more to stretch my wearied limbs under a Christian roof.

XIII.

THE next day, I signified my arrival to the Kehaya Bey of his Highness, and delivered, according to custom, a letter, with which I had been kindly provided by an eminent foreign functionary. The ensuing morning was fixed for my audience. I repaired at the appointed hour to the celebrated fortress palace of Ali Pacha, which, although greatly battered by successive sieges, is still inhabitable, and still affords a very fair idea of its pristine mag-

nificence. Having past through the gates of the fortress, I found myself in a number of small dingy streets, like those in the liberties of a Royal Castle. These were all full of life, stirring and excited. At length, I reached a grand Square, in which, on an ascent, stands the Palace. I was hurried through courts, and corridors, full of guards, and pages, and attendant chiefs, and, in short, every variety of Turkish population; for, among the Orientals, all depends upon one brain, and we, with our subdivisions of duty, and intelligent and responsible deputies, can form no idea of the labour of a Turkish Premier. At length, I came to a vast, irregular apartment, serving as the immediate ante-chamber of the Hall of Audience. This was the finest thing of the

kind I had ever yet seen. In the whole course of my life, I had never mingled in so picturesque an assembly. Conceive a chamber of very great dimensions, full of the choicest groups of an Oriental population, each individual waiting by appointment for an audience, and probably about to wait for ever. It was a sea of turbans, and crimson shawls, and golden scarfs, and ornamented arms. I marked with curiosity the haughty Turk stroking his beard, and waving his beads; the proud Albanian strutting with his tarragan, or cloak, dependent on one shoulder, and touching, with impatient fingers, his silver-sheathed arms; the olive-visaged Asiatic, with his enormous turban, and flowing robes, gazing, half with wonder, and half with contempt, at some scarlet Colonel of

the newly-disciplined troops in his gorgeous, but awkward, imitation of Frank uniforms; the Greek still servile, though no more a slave; the Nubian Eunuch, and the Georgian Page.

In this chamber, attended by the Drogueman, who presented me, I remained about ten minutes—too short a time. I never thought I could have lived to wish to kick my heels in a ministerial antechamber. Suddenly I was summoned to the awful presence of the pillar of the Turkish Empire, the man who has the reputation of being the mainspring of the new system of regeneration, the renowned Redschi, an approved warrior, a consummate politician, unrivalled as a dissembler in a country where dissimulation is the principal portion of moral culture. The Hall

was vast, entirely covered with gilding and arabesques inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother of pearl. Here, squatted up in a corner of the large Divan, I bowed to a little, ferocious-looking, shrivelled, care-worn man, plainly dressed, with a brow covered with wrinkles, and a countenance clouded with anxiety and thought. I entered the shed-like Divan of the kind, and comparatively insignificant, Kalio Bey with a feeling of awe; I seated myself on the Divan of the Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire, who, as my attendant informed me, had destroyed, in the course of the last three months, *not* in war, 'upwards of four thousand of my acquaintance,' with the self-possession of a morning visit. At a distance from us, in a group on his left hand, were his Secretary, and his imme-

diate suite. The end of the Saloon was lined with Tchawooshes, or Lacqueys in waiting, in crimson dresses with long silver canes.

Some compliments passed between us. I congratulated his Highness on the pacification of Albania, and he rejoined, that the peace of the world was his only object, and the happiness of his fellow-creatures his only wish. Pipes and coffee were then brought, and then his Highness waved his hand, and in an instant the chamber was cleared.

He then told me, that he had read the letter, that the writer was one whom he much loved, and that I should join the army, although of course I was aware, that, as a Frank, I could hold no command. I told him, that such was not my

desire, but that, as I intended to proceed to Stamboul, it would be gratifying to me to feel, that I had co-operated, however humbly, in the cause of a Sovereign, whom I greatly admired. A Tartar now arrived with dispatches, and I rose to retire, for I could perceive, that the Vizier was overwhelmed with business, and, although courteous, moody and anxious. He did not press me to remain, but desired that I would go and visit his son, Amin Pacha, to whose care he had consigned me.

Amin, Pacha of Yanina, was a youth of eighteen, but apparently ten years older. He was the reverse of his father: incapable in affairs, refined in manners, plunged in debauchery, and magnificent in dress. I found him surrounded by his favourites and flatterers, lolling on his

Divan in a fanciful hussar uniform of blue cloth covered with gold and diamonds, and worn under a Damascus pelisse of thick maroon silk, lined with white fox-furs. I have seldom met with a man of more easy address, and more polished breeding. He paid many compliments to the Franks, and expressed his wish to make a visit to the English at Corfu. As I was dressed in regimentals, he offered to shew me his collection of military costumes, which had been made for him principally at Vienna. He also ordered one of his attendants to bring his Manuscript book of Cavalry tactics, which were unfortunately all explained to me. I mention these slight traits to show how eagerly the modern Turks pique themselves on European civilization. After smoking, and eating

sweetmeats, a custom indicative of friendship, he proposed that I should accompany him to the camp, where he was about to review a division of the forces. I assented. We descended together, and I found a boy with a bar^o magnificently caparisoned, waiting at the portal of both of these. Amin begged my acceptance. Mounting, we proceeded to the camp, nor do I think that the cortege of the young Pacha consisted of less than a hundred persons, who were all, either officers of his household, or of the Cavalry regiment which he commanded.

XIV.

I GLADLY believe, that the increased efficiency of the Turkish troops compensates for their shorn splendour, and sorry appearance. A shaven head, covered with a tight-red cloth cap, a small blue jacket of coarse cloth, huge trowsers of the same material, puckered out to the very stretch of art, yet sitting tight to the knee and calf, mean accoutrements, and a pair of dingy slippers—behold the successor of the superb Janissary! Yet they perform their manoeuvres with precision, and have struggled even with the Russian infantry with success. The officer makes a better appearance. His dress, although of the same fashion,

is of scarlet, and of the finest cloth. It is richly embroidered, and the Colonel wears upon his breast a star and crescent of diamonds. At the camp of Yanina, however, I witnessed a charge of Delhis with their scimitars, and a more effective cavalry I never wish to lead.

We returned to the city, and I found that apartments were allotted to me in the palace, whither Lausanne, and the rest, had already repaired. In the evening, the Vizier sent to me the first singer in Turkey, with several musicians. The singer chaunted for an hour in a wild, piercing voice, devoid both of harmony and melody, a triumphant ballad on the recent massacre of Veli Bey, and his rebel coadjutors. Nothing appears to me more frightful than Turkish music, yet it produces on those,

who are accustomed to it, a very great effect, and my room was filled with strangers, who hastened to listen to the enchanting and exciting strain. The Turkish music is peculiar and different from that of other eastern nations. I have seldom listened to more simple, and affecting melodies, than those with which the boatmen on the Nile are wont to soothe their labours.

The dancing girls followed, and were more amusing, but I had not then witnessed the Alwyn of Egypt.

A week flew away at Yanina in receiving and returning visits from Pachas, Agas, and Selictars, in smoking pipes, sipping coffee, and tasting sweetmeats. Each day, the Vizier, or his son, sent me provisions ready prepared from their table, and

indicated by some attention their considerate kindness. There is no character in the world higher bred, than a Turk of rank. Some of these men too I found extremely intelligent, deeply interested in the political amelioration of their country, and warm admirers of Peter the Great. I remember with pleasure the agreeable hours I have spent in the society of Mehemet Aga, Selictar of the Pacha of Lepanto, a warrior to whom the obstinate resistance of Varna is mainly to be attributed, and a remarkably enlightened man. Yet even he could not emancipate himself from their fatalism. For I remember when once conversing with him on the equipments of the cavalry, a subject in which he was very much interested, I suggested to him the propriety of a corps of cuiras-

siers. [‘ A cuirass cannot stop the ball that bears your fate,’ he replied, shrugging up his shoulder, and exclaiming *Mashallah!*

While I was leading this novel and agreeable life, news arrived, that the Pacha of Scutari, who had placed himself at the head of the insurgent Janissaries, and was the champion of the old party, had entered Albania at the head of sixty thousand men to avenge the massacre of the Beys.

XV.

THE Grand Vizier set off the same night with ten thousand men, reached Okhrida, by forced marches, attacked and routed

a division of the rebel troops before they supposed him to be apprised of his movements, and again encamped at Monastir, sending urgent commands to Yassin for his son to advance with the rest of the army. We met his Tartar on our march, and the divisions soon joined. After a day's rest, we advanced, and entered the Pachalick of Scutari.

The enemy, to our surprise, avoided an engagement. The fierce, undisciplined warriors were frightened at our bayonets. They destroyed all before us, and hung with their vigilant cavalry, on our exhausted rear. We had advanced on one side to Scutari; on the other, we had penetrated into Romelia. We carried everything before us, but we were in want of supplies, our soldiers were without food,

and a skilful general and disciplined troops might have cut off all our communications.'

Suddenly, the order was given to retreat. We retreated slowly, and in excellent order. Two regiments of the newly-organized cavalry, with whom I had the honour to act, covered the rear, and were engaged in almost constant skirmishing with the enemy. This skirmishing is very exciting. We concentrated, and again encamped at Okhrida.

We were in hopes of now drawing the enemy into an engagement, but he was wary. In this situation, the Vizier directed that, in the night, a powerful division under the command of Mehemet, Pacha of Lepanto, he who stabbed Ali Pacha, should fall back to Monastir with the

artillery, and take up a position in the mountains. The ensuing night, his highness, after having previously spiked some useless guns, scattered about some tents and baggage-waggons, and given a general appearance of a hurried, and disorderly retreat, withdrew in the same direction. The enemy instantly pursued, rushed on, and attacked us full of confidence. We contented ourselves by protecting our rear, but still retreated, and appeared anxious to avoid an engagement. In the evening, having entered the mountain passes, and reached the post of the Pacha of Lepanto, we drew up in battle array.

It was a cloudy morning among the mountains, and some time before the mist drew away. The enemy appeared to be in great force, filling the gorge, through

which we had retreated, and encamped on all the neighbouring eminences. When they perceived us, a large body instantly charged with the famous Janissary shout, the terror of which I confess. I was cold, somewhat exhausted, for I had tasted no food for two days, and for a moment, my heart sank.

They were received, to their surprise, by a well-directed discharge of artillery from our concealed batteries. They seemed checked. Our ranks opened, and a body of five thousand fresh troops instantly charged them with the bayonet. This advance was sublime, and so exciting that, what with the shouts and cannonading, I grew mad, and longed to rush forward. The enemy gave way. Their great force was in cavalry, which could not act among

the mountains. They were evidently astonished and perplexed. In a few minutes, they were routed. The Vizier gave orders for a general charge and pursuit, and in a few minutes, I was dashing over the hills in rapid chase of all I could catch, cutting, firing, shouting, and quite persuaded, that a battle was, after all, the most delightful pastime in the world.

The masses still charging, the groups demanding quarter, the single horseman bounding over the hills, the wild, scared steeds without a rider, snorting and plunging, the dense smoke clearing away, the bright arms and figures flashing, ever and anon, in the moving obscurity, the wild shouts, the strange and horrible spectacles, the solitary shots and shrieks now heard in the decreasing uproar, and

the general feeling of energy, and peril, and triumph—it was all wonderful, and was a glorious moment in existence.

The enemy was scattered like chaff. To rally them was impossible; and the chiefs, in despair, were foremost in flight. They offered no resistance, and the very men who, in the morning, would have been the first to attack a battery, sabre in hand, now yielded in numbers without a struggle to an individual. There was a great slaughter, a vast number of prisoners, and plunder without end. My tent was filled with rich arms, and shawls, and stuffs, and embroidered saddles. Lausanne and Tita were the next day both clothed in splendid Albanian dresses, and little Spiro plundered the dead as became a modern Greek.

I reached my tent, I dismounted from my horse, I leant upon it from exhaustion. An Albanian came forward, and offered a flask of Zitza wine. I drank it at a draught, and assuredly experienced the highest sensual pleasure. I took up two Cachemire shawls, and a gun mounted in silver, and gave them to the Albanian. Lucky is he who is courteous in the hour of plunder !

The Vizier, I understood, to be at Othrida, and I repaired to that post over the field of battle. The moon had risen, and tinged, with its white light, all the prominent objects of the scene of destruction ; groups of bodies, and, now and then, a pallid face, distinct and fierce ; steeds, and standards, and arms, and shattered waggons. Here and there, a moving light

showed, that the plunderer was still at his work, and, occasionally seated on the carcase of a horse, and sometimes on the corpse of a human being, were some of the fortunate survivors, smoking with admirable coolness, as if there were not on earth such a fearful mystery as death.

I found the victorious Redschild seated on a carpet in the moonlight in a press-grove, and surrounded by attendants, to whom he was delivering instructions, and distributing rewards. He appeared as calm and grave as usual. Perceiving him thus engaged, I mingled with the crowd, and stood aside, leaning on my sword; but observing me, he beckoned to me to advance, and pointing to his carpet, he gave me the pipe of honour from his own lips. As I seated myself by his side, I

could not help viewing this extraordinary man with great interest and curiosity. A short time back, at this very place, he had perpetrated an act, which would have rendered him infamous in a civilized land, the avengers meet him, as if by fate, on the very scene of his bloody treachery, and—he is victorious. What is life?

So much for the battle of Bitoglia or Monastir, a very pretty fray, although not as much talked of as Austerlitz or Waterloo, and which probably would have remained unknown to the great mass of European readers, had not a young Frank gentleman mingled, from a silly fancy, in its lively business.

XVI.

THE effect of the battle of Bitoglia was the complete pacification of Albania, and the temporary suppression of the conspiracies in the adjoining provinces. Had it been in the power of the Porte to have supported, at this moment, its able and faithful servant, it is probable, that the authority of the Sultan would have been permanently consolidated in these countries. As it is, the finest regions in Europe are still the prey of civil war, in too many instances excited by foreign powers, for their miserable purposes, against a prince, who is only inferior to Peter the Great, because he has profited by this example.

For myself, perceiving that there was no immediate prospect of active service, I determined to visit Greece, and I parted from his highness with the hope that I might congratulate him at Stamboul.

XVII.

A COUNTRY of promontories, and gulfs, and islands clustering in an azure sea, a country of wooded vales and purple mountains, wherein the cities are built on plains, covered with olive woods, and at the base of an Acropolis, crowned with a temple or a tower. And there are quarries of white marble, and vines, and much wild honey. And wherever you move, is some fair, and

elegant memorial of the poetic past, a lone pillar on the green and silent plain once echoing with the triumphal shouts of sacred games, the tomb of a hero, or the fane of a God. Clear is the sky, and fragrant is the air, and, at all seasons, the magical scenery of this land is coloured with that mellow tint, and invested with that pensive character, which, in other countries, we conceive to be peculiar to Autumn, and which beautifully associate with the recollections of the past. Enchanting Greece !

XVIII.

IN the Argolic Gulf I found myself in the very heart of the Greek tragedy : Nauplia and Sparta, the pleasant Argos, and the rich Mycene, the tomb of Agamemnon, and the palace of Clytemnestra. The fortunes of the house of Atreus form the noblest of all legends. I believe in that Destiny before which the ancients bowed. Modern philosophy, with its superficial discoveries, has infused into the breast of man a spirit of scepticism, but I think that, ere long, Science will again become imaginative, and that, as we become more profound, we may become also more credulous.

Destiny is our will, and our will is our nature. The son who inherits the organization of the father, will be doomed to the same fortunes as his sire, and again the mysterious matter in which his ancestors were moulded may, in other forms, by a necessary attraction, act upon his fate. All is mystery, but he is a slave, who will not struggle to penetrate the dark veil

I quitted the Morca without regret. It is covered with Venetian memorials, no more to me a source of joy, and bringing back to my memory a country on which I no longer loved to dwell. I cast anchor in a small but secure harbour. I landed. I climbed a hill. From it I looked over a vast plain, covered with olive woods, and skirted by mountains. Some isolated hills, of very picturesque form, rose in the plain

at a distance from the terminating range. On one of these I beheld a magnificent temple bathed in the sunset. At the foot of the craggy steep on which it rested was a walled city of considerable dimensions, in front of which rose a Doric temple of exquisite proportion, and apparently uninjured. The violet sunset threw over this scene a colouring becoming its loveliness, and, if possible, increasing its refined character. Independent of all associations, it was the most beautiful spectacle that had ever passed before a vision always musing on sweet sights, yet I could not forget that it was the bright capital of my youthful dreams, the fragrant city of the Violet Crown, the fair, the sparkling, the delicate
ATHENS!

XIX.

THE illusion vanished when I entered Athens. I found it in scarcely a less shattered condition than the towns of Albania. Ruined streets, and roofless houses, and a scanty population. The women were at Egina in security; a few males remained behind to watch the fortune of war. The Acropolis had not been visited by travellers for nine years, and was open to inspection for the first time the very day I entered. It was still in the possession of the Turks, but the Greek Commission had arrived to receive the keys of the fortress. The ancient remains have escaped better than

we could hope. The Parthenon and the other temples on the Acropolis have necessarily suffered in the sieges, but the injury is only in the detail; the general effect is not marred, although I observed many hundred shells and cannon-balls lying about.

The Theseum has not been touched, and looks, at a short distance, as if it were just finished by Cimon. The sumptuous columns of the Olympium still rise from their stately platform, but the Choragic monument is sadly maimed, although, as I was assured, by English sailors, and not eastern barbarians. Probably the same marine monsters, who have commemorated their fatal visit to Egypt, and the name of the fell craft that wafted them there, by

covering the granite pillar of Pompey, with gigantic characters in black paint.

The durability of the Parthenon is wonderful. As far as I could observe, had it not been for the repeated ravages of man, it might at this day have been in as perfect condition as in the age of Pericles. Abstract time it has defied. Gilt and painted, with its pictures and votive statues, it must have been one of the most brilliant creations of human genius. Yet we err if we consider this famous building as an unparalleled effort of Grecian architecture. Compared with the temples of Ionia, and the Sicilian fanes, compared even with the Olympium at its feet, the Parthenon could only rank as a church with a cathedral.

In Art, the Greeks were the children of the Egyptians. The day may yet come

when we shall do justice to the high powers of that mysterious and imaginative people. The origin of Doric and Ionic invention must be traced amid the palaces of Carnac and the temples of Luxoor. For myself I confess I ever gaze upon the marvels of Art with a feeling of despair. With horror I remember that, through some mysterious necessity, civilization seems to have deserted the most favoured regions and the choicest intellects. The Persian whose very being is poetry, the Arab whose subtle mind could penetrate into the very secret shrine of Nature, the Greek whose acute perceptions seemed granted only for the creation of the beautiful—these are now unlettered slaves in barbarous lands. The arts are yielded to the flat-nosed Franks. And they toil, and study, and invent

theories to account for their own incompetence. Now, it is the climate, now the religion, now the government, everything but the truth, everything but the mortifying suspicion, that their organization may be different, and that they may be as distinct a race from their models, as they undoubtedly are from the Kalmuck and the Negro.

XX.

WHATEVER may have been the faults of the ancient governments, they were in closer relation to the times, to the countries, and to the governed, than ours. The ancients invented their governments according to their wants; the moderns have

adopted foreign policies, and then modelled their conduct upon this borrowed regulation. This circumstance has occasioned our manners and our customs to be so confused, and absurd, and unphilosophical. What business had we, for instance, to adopt the Roman law?—a law foreign to our manners, and consequently disadvantageous. He, who profoundly meditates upon the situation of Modern Europe, will also discover how productive of misery has been the senseless adoption of oriental customs by northern people. Whence came that divine right of kings, which has deluged so many countries with blood?—that pastoral and Syrian law of tithes, which may yet shake the foundation of so many ancient institutions?

XXI.

EVEN as a child, I was struck by the absurdity of modern education. The duty of education is to give ideas. When our limited intelligence was confined to the literature of two dead languages, it was necessary to acquire those languages, in order to obtain the knowledge which they embalmed. But now each nation has its literature, each nation possesses, written in its own tongue, a record of all knowledge, and specimens of every modification of invention. Let education, then, be confined to that national literature, and we should soon perceive the beneficial effects of this revolution upon the mind of the student,

Study would then be a profitable flight. I pity the poor Gothic victim of the Grammar and the Lexicon. The Greeks, who were masters of composition, were ignorant of all languages but their own. They concentrated their study of the genius of expression upon one tongue. To this they owe that blended simplicity and strength of style, which the imitative Romans, with all their splendour, never attained.

•To the few, however, who have leisure or inclination to study foreign literatures, I will not recommend them the English, the Italian, the German, since they may rightly answer, that all these have been in great part founded upon the classic tongues, and therefore it is wise to ascend to the fountain-head; but I will ask them

for ~~what~~ reason they would limit their experience to the immortal languages of Greece and Rome? Why not study the Oriental? Surely, in the pages of the Persians and the Arabs, we might discover new sources of emotion, new modes of expression, new trains of ideas, new principles of invention, and new bursts of fancy.

— These are a few of my meditations amid the ruins of Athens. They will disappoint those who might justly expect an ebullition of classic rapture from one, who has gazed upon Marathon by moonlight, and sailed upon the free waters of Salamis. I regret their disappointment, but I have arrived at an age when I can think only of the future. A mighty era is at hand prepared by the blunders of long centu-

ries. Ardently I hope that the necessary change in human existence may be effected by the voice of philosophy alone: but I tremble, and I am silent. There is no bigotry so terrible as the bigotry of a country that flatters itself that it is philosophical.

XXII

UNDERSTANDING that the Turkish squadron I left at Prevesa had arrived in the Negropont, I passed over, and paid a visit to its commander, with whom I was acquainted, Halil Pacha. Halil informed me that all remained quiet in Albania, but

that Redschid did not venture to return. He added, that he himself was about to sail for Stamboul immediately, and proposed that I should accompany him. His offer suited me, and as the wind was fair, in a few hours we were all on board.

I had a most splendid view of Sunium, its columns against a dark cloud looked like undriven snow, and we were soon among the Cyclades. Sixteen islands were in sight, and we were now making our course in the heart of them. An Archipelago by sunset is lovely—small isles of purple and gold studding the glowing waters. The wind served well through the night, but we were becalmed the next day off Mitylene. In the afternoon, a fresh breeze sprung up and carried us to the Dardanélles.

We were yet, I believe, upwards of a hundred miles from Constantinople. What a road to a great city! narrower and much longer than the straits of Gibraltar, but not with such sublime shores. Asia and Europe look more kindly on each other than Europe and her more sultry sister. I found myself, the next morning, becalmed off Troy: a vast, hilly, uncultivated plain, a scanty rill, a huge tumulus, some shepherds and their flocks—behold the kingdom of Priam, and the successors of Paris!

A signal summoned us on board, the wind was fair and fresh. We scudded along with great swiftness, passing many towns and fortresses. Each dome, each minaret, I thought was Constantinople. At last it came; we were in full sight.

Masses of habitations, grouped on gentle acclivities, rose on all sides, out of the water, part in Asia, part in Europe; a gay and confused vision of red buildings, and dark-green cypress groves, hooded domes, and millions of minarets. As we approached, the design became more obvious. The groups formed themselves into three considerable cities, intersected by arms of the sea. Down one of these, rounding the Seraglio point, our vessel held her course. We seemed to glide into the heart of the capital. The water was covered with innumerable boats as swift as gondolas, and far more gay, curiously carved, and richly gilt. In all parts swarmed a showy population. The characteristic of the whole scene was brilliancy. The houses glittered, the waters

sparkled, and flocks of white and sacred birds glanced in the golden air, and skimmed over the blue wave. On one side of the harbour was moored the Turkish fleet, dressed out in all their colours. Our course was ended, and we cast our anchor in the famous Golden Horn.

XXIII.

No picture can ever convey a just idea of Constantinople. I have seen several that are faithful, as far as they extend, but the most comprehensive can only exhibit a small portion of this extraordinary city. By land, or by water, in every direction, passing up the Golden Horn to the valley

of Sweet Waters, or proceeding on the other hand down the famous Bosphorus to Buyukderé, and Terapia, to the Euxine, what infinite novelty! New kiosks, new hills, new windings, new groves of cypress, and new forests of chestnut, open on all sides.

The two most wonderful things at Constantinople are the Bosphorus and the Bazaar. Conceive the Ocean a stream not broader than the Rhine, with shores with all the beauty and variety of that river, running between gentle slopes covered with rich woods, gardens, and summer palaces, cemeteries, and mosques, and villages, and bounded by sublime mountains. The view of the Euxine from the heights of Terapia, just seen through the end of the Straits, is like gazing upon Eternity.

The Bazaar is of a different order, but not less remarkable. I never could obtain from a Turk any estimate of the ground it covered. Several in the habit of daily attendance have mentioned to me, that they often find themselves in divisions they have not before visited. Fancy a Parisian panorama passage, fancy perhaps a square mile covered with these arcades, intersecting each other in all directions, and full of every product of the Empire from diamonds to dates. This will give you some idea of the Great Bazaar at Constantinople. The dealers, in every possible costume, sit cross-legged on their stalls, and dealers in the same article usually congregate together. The armourers, the grocers, the pipemakers, the jewellers, the shawl sellers, the librarians, all have their distinct

quarter. Now you walk along a range of stalls, filled with the most fanciful slippers, cloth and leather of all colours embroidered with gold or powdered with pearls : now you are in a street of confectionery, and now you are cheapening a Damascus sabre in the Bazaar of arms, or turning over a vividly-illuminated copy of *Hafiz* in that last strong-hold of Turkish bigotry, the quarter of the vendors of the Koran. The magnificence, novelty, and variety of the goods on sale, the whole nation of shopkeepers all in different dress, the crowds of buyers from all parts of the world—only hint at these traits. Here every people has a characteristic costume. Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians are the staple population, the latter are numerous. The Armenians wear round, and very un-

becoming black caps, and flowing robes; the Jews a black hat wreathed with a white handkerchief; the Greeks black turbans. The Turks are fond of dress, and indulge in all combinations of costume. Of late, among the young men in the Capital, it has been the fashion to discard the huge turban, and the ample robes, and they have formed an exceedingly ungraceful dress upon the Frank. But vast numbers cling to the national costume, especially the Asiatics, renowned for the prodigious height and multifarious folds of their head-gear.

XXIV.

HALIL PACHA paid me a visit one day at my residence on the Bosphorus, and told me, that he had mentioned my name to the Sultan, who had expressed a desire to see me. As it is not etiquette for the Padishah to receive Franks, I was of course as sensible of the high honour, as I was anxious to become acquainted with the extraordinary man, who was about to confer it.

The Sultan was at this moment at a palace on the Bosphorus, not far from Tophana. Hither on the appointed day

I repaired with Halil, and the Droghuehan of the Porte. We were ushered into a chamber, where a principal officer of the household received us, and where I smoked out of a pipe tipped with diamonds, and sipped coffee perfumed with roses in cups studded with precious stones.

When we had remained here for about half an hour, Mustapha, the private Secretary and favourite of the Sultan, entered, and after saluting us, desired us to follow him. We proceeded along a corridor, at the end of which stood two or three Eunuchs, richly dressed, and then the door opened, and I found myself in an apartment of moderate size, painted with indifferent arabesques in fresco, and surrounded with a divan of crimson velvet and gold. Seated upon this, with his feet

on the ground, his arms folded, and in a Huzzar dress, was the Grand Signor.

As we entered, he slightly touched his heart, according to the fashion of the Orientals, and Mustapha, setting us an example, desired us to seat ourselves. I fancied, and I was afterwards assured of the correctness of my observation, that the Sultan was very much constrained, and very little at his ease. The truth is, he is totally unused to interviews with strangers, and this was, for him, a more novel situation than for me. His constraint wore off, as conversation proceeded. He asked a great many questions, and often laughed, turning round to Mustapha with a familiar nod when my replies pleased him. He enquired much about the Albanian war. Without flattering my late Com-

mander, it was in my power to do him service. He asked me, what service I had before seen, and was evidently surprised when I informed him, I was only an amateur. He then made many enquiries, as to the European forces, and, as I answered them, I introduced some opinions on politics, which interested him. He asked me who I was. I told him I was the son of the Prime Minister of —, a power always friendly to the Ottoman. His eyes sparkled, and he repeated several times, 'It is well, it is well;' meaning I suppose, that he did not repent of the interview. He told me, that in two years time he should have two hundred thousand regular infantry. That if the Russian war could have been postponed another year, he should have beat the Muscovites; that

the object of the war was to crush his schemes of regeneration; that he was betrayed at Adrianople as well as at Varna. He added, that he had only done what Peter the Great had done before him, and that Peter was thwarted by unsuccessful wars, yet at last succeeded.

I, of course, expressed my conviction that his highness would be as fortunate.

The Padisha then abruptly said that all his subjects should have equal rights, that there should be no difference between Moslemin and infidel, that all who contributed to the government had a right to the same protection.

Here Mustapha nodded to Halil, and we rose, and bowing, quitted the presence of a really great man.

I found, at the portal, a fine Arabian,

two Cachemire shawls, a scarlet cloak of honour, with the collar embroidered with gold, and fastened with diamond clasps, a sabre, and two superb pipes. This was my reward for charging with the Turkish cavalry at Bitolia.

XXV.

ONE of the most curious things at Constantinople is the power you have in the capital of the East, of placing yourselves in ten minutes in a lively Frank town. Such is Pera. . I passed there the winter months of December and January in very agreeable and intelligent society. My health improved, but my desire of wan-

dering increased. I began to think that I should now never be able to settle in life. The desire of fame did not revive. I felt no intellectual energy, I required nothing more than to be amused. And having now past four or five months at Stamboul, and seen all its wonders, from the interior of its mosques to the dancing dervishes, I resolved to proceed. So, one cold morning of February, I crossed over to Scútari, and pressed my wandering foot upon Asia.

PART THE SIXTH.

I.

I WAS now in the great Peninsula of Asia Minor, a country admirably fortified by Nature, abounding in vast, luxuriant, and enchanting plains, from which a scanty population derive a difficult subsistence, and watered by broad rivers rolling through solitude.

As I journeyed along, I could not refrain from contrasting the desolation of the present with the refinement of the past, and calling up a vision of the ancient splendour of this famous country. I beheld those glorious Greek federations that

covered the provinces of the coast with their rich cultivation, and brilliant cities. Who has not heard of the green and bland Ionia, and its still more fruitful, although less picturesque, sister, the rich Æolia? Who has not heard of the fane of Ephesus, and the Anacreontic Teios; Chios, with its rosy wine, and Cnidus, with its rosy goddess? Colophon, Priene, Phocæa, Samos, Miletos, the splendid Halicarnassus, and the sumptuous Cos—magnificent cities abounding in genius, and luxury, and all that polished refinement that ennobles life! Everywhere around these free and famous citizens disseminated their liberty and their genius, in the savage Tauris, and on the wild shores of Pontus; on the banks of the Borysthenes, and by the waters of the

rapid Tyras. The islands in their vicinity shared their splendour and their felicity; the lyric Lesbos, and Tenedos with its woods and vines, and those glorious gardens, the fortunate Cyprus, and the prolific Rhodes.

Under the empire of Rome, the Peninsula of Asia did not enjoy a less eminent prosperity. The interior provinces vied in wealth and civilization, with the ancient colonies of the coast. Then the cavalry of Cappadocia and Paphlagonia were famous as the Lycian mariners, the soldiers of Pontus, and the bowmen of Armenia; then Galatia sent forth her willing and welcome tribute of corn, and the fruitful Bithynia rivalled the Pamphylian pastures, the vines of Phrygia, and the Pisi-dian olives. Tarsus, Ancyra, Sardos,

Cæsarea, Sinope, Amisus, were the great and opulent capitals of these flourishing provinces. Alexandria rose upon the ruins of Troy, and Nicæa and Nicodemia ranked with the most celebrated cities.

And now the tinkling bell of the armed and wandering caravan was the only indication of human existence!

It is in such scenes as these, amid the ruins of ancient splendour, and the recollections of vanished empire, that philosophers have pondered on the nature of government, and have discovered, as they fancied, in the consequences of its various forms, the causes of duration or of decay, of glory or of humiliation. Freedom, says the sage, will lead to prosperity, and Despotism to destruction.

Yet has this land been regulated by

every form of government, that the ingenuity of man has devised. The federal republic, the military empire, the oriental despotism, have in turn controlled its fortunes. The deputies of free states have here assembled in some universal temple which was the bond of union between their cities; here has the Proconsul presided at his high tribunal; and here the Pacha reposes in his Divan. The Pagan fane, and the Christian church, and the Turkish mosque, have here alike been erected to form the opinions of the people. The legends of Chaos and Olympus are forgotten, the sites of the seven churches cannot even be traced, and all that is left are the revelations of the son of Kahrija, a volume the whole object of which is to convert man into a fanatic slave.

Is there then no hope? Is it an irrevocable doom, that society shall be created only to be destroyed? When I can accept such a dogma, let me also believe that the beneficent Creator is a malignant dæmon. Let us meditate more deeply, let us at length discover that no society can long subsist that is based upon metaphysical absurdities.

The law that regulates man, must be founded on a knowledge of his nature, or that law leads him to ruin. What is the nature of man? In every clime and in every creed we shall find a new definition.

Before me is a famous treatise on Human Nature, by a Professor of Königsberg. No one has more profoundly meditated on the attributes of his subject. It is evident that, in the deep study of his own

intelligence, he has discovered a noble method of expounding that of others. Yet when I close his volumes, can I conceal from myself that all this time I have been studying a treatise upon the nature—not of man, but—of a German?

What then! Is the German a different animal from the Italian? Let me inquire in turn, whether you conceive the negro of the Gold Coast to be the same being as the Esquimaux, who tracks his way over the Polar snows?

The most successful legislators are those who have consulted the genius of the people. But is it possible to render that which is the occasional consequence of fine observation, the certain result of scientific study?

One thing is quite certain, that the

system we have hitherto pursued to attain a knowledge of man has entirely failed. Let us disembarass ourselves of that 'moral philosophy,' which 'has filled so many volumes with words. History will always remain a pleasant 'pastime;' it never could have been a profitable study. To study man from the past is to suppose, that man is ever the same animal, which I do not. Those who speculated on the career of Napoleon had ever a dog's-eared animalist to refer to. The past equally proved that he was both a Cromwell and a Washington. 'Prophetic Past! He turned out to be the first. But suppose he had been neither; suppose he had proved a Sylla?

Man is an animal, and his nature must be studied as that of all other animals. The almighty Creator has breathed his

spirit into us, and we testify our gratitude for this choice boon by never deigning to consider what may be the nature of our intelligence. The philosopher, however, amid this darkness, will not despair. He will look forward to an age of rational laws, and beneficent education. He will remember that all the truth he has attained has been by one process. He will also endeavour to become acquainted with himself by demonstration, and not by dogma.

II.

ONE fair spring morning, with a clear blue sky, and an ardent, but not intense Sun, I came in sight of the whole coast of Syria; very high and mountainous, and the loftiest ranges covered with snow.

I had sailed from Smyrna, through its lovely gulf, vaster and more beautiful than the Ambracian, found myself in a new Archipelago, the Sporades, and having visited Rhodes and Cyprus, engaged, at the last island, a pilot to take us to the most convenient Syrian port.

Syria is, in fact, an immense chain of mountains, extending from Asia Minor to

Arabia. In the course of this great chain, an infinity of branches constantly detach themselves from the parent trunk, forming on each side, either towards the desert or the sea, beautiful and fertile plains. "Washed by the Levantine wave, on one side we behold the once luxurious Antioch, now a small and dingy Turkish town. The traveller can no longer wander in the voluptuous woods of Daphne. The palace and the garden pass away with the refined genius and the delicate taste that create them, but Nature is eternal, and even yet the valley of the Orontes offers, under the glowing light of an eastern day, scenes of picturesque beauty that Switzerland cannot surpass. The hills of Laodicea, once famous for their wine, are now celebrated for producing the choicest

tobacco of the East. Tripoli is a flourishing town, embosomed in wild groves of Indian figs, and famous for its fruits and silks. Advancing along the coast, we reach the ancient Berytus, whose tobacco vies with Laodicea, and whose silk surpasses that of Tripoli. We arrive at all that remains of the superb Tyre; a small peninsula and a mud village. The famous Acre is still the most important place upon the coast, and Jaffa, in spite of so many wars, is yet fragrant amid its gardens and groves of lemon trees.

The towns on the coast have principally been built on the sites and ruins of the ancient cities, whose names they bear. None of them have sufficient claims to the character of a capital; but on the other side of the mountains we find two

of the most important of oriental cities—the populous Aleppo and the delicious Damascus; nor must we forget Jerusalem, that city sacred in so many creeds!

In ancient remains, Syria is only inferior to Egypt. All have heard of the courts of Baalbec, and the columns of Palmyra. Less known, because only recently visited, and visited with extreme danger, are the vast ruins of magnificent cities in the Arabian vicinity of the lake Asphaltites.

The climate of this country is various as its formation. In the plains, is often experienced that intense heat so fatal to the European invader; yet the snow that seldom falls upon the level ground, or falls only to vanish, rests upon the heights of Lebanon, and, in the higher lands, it is

not difficult at all times to discover exactly the temperature you desire. I travelled in Syria at the commencement of the year, when the short, but violent, rainy season had just ceased. It is not easy to conceive a more beautiful and fruitful land. The plains were covered with that fresh green tint so rare under an Eastern sky, the orange and lemon trees were clothed both with fruit and blossom, and then too I first beheld the huge leaf of the Banana, and tasted, for the first time, the delicate flavour of its unrivalled fruit. From the great extent of the country, and the consequent variation of clime, the Syrian can always command a succession, as well as a variety, of luxuries. The season of the pomegranate will commence in Antioch when it ends in Jaffa, and when you have

exhausted the figs of Beiroot, you can fly to the gardens of Damascus. Under the worst government, that perhaps ever oppressed its subjects, Syria still brings forth the choice productions of almost every clime; corn and cotton, maize and rice, the sugar-cane of the Antilles, and the indigo and cochenille of Mexico. The plains of Antioch and of Palestine are covered with woods of the finest olives, the tobaccos of the coast are unrivalled in any country, and the mountains of Lebanon are clothed with white mulberry trees, that afford the richest silks, or with vineyards that yield a wine that justly bears the name of Golden.

The inhabitants of this country are various as its productions, and its mutable fortunes. The Ottoman conqueror is now

the Lord, and rules the posterity of the old Syrian Greeks and of the Arabs, who were themselves once predominant. In the mountains, the independent and mysterious Druses live in freedom under their own Emir, and, in the ranges near Antioch, we find the Ansaree, tribes who, it is whispered, yet celebrate the most singular rites of Paganism. In the deserts around Aleppo wander the pastoral Kourds, and the warlike Turkman, and from Tadmor to Gaza, the whole Syrian desert is traversed by the famous Bedouin.

There is a charm in oriental life, and it is—Repose. Upon me, who had been bred in the artificial circles of corrupt civilization, and who had so freely indulged the course of his impetuous passions, this character made a very forcible impression.

Wandering over those plains and deserts, and sojourning in those silent and beautiful cities, I experienced all that serenity of mind which I can conceive to be the enviable portion of the old age of a virtuous life. The memory of the wearing cares and corroding anxieties, and vaunted excitement of European life, filled me with pain. Keenly I felt the vanity and littleness of all human plans and aspirations. Truly may I say, that on the plains of Syria, I parted for ever with my ambition. The calm enjoyment of existence appeared to me, as it now does, the highest attainable felicity, nor can I conceive, that anything could tempt me from my solitude, and induce me once more to mingle with mankind, with whom, I fear, I have too little in common, but the strong conviction

that the fortunes of my race depended on my effort, or that I could materially advance that great amelioration of their condition, in the practicability of which I devoutly believe.

III.

I GALLOPED over an illimitable plain covered with a vivid, though scanty, pasture, and fragrant with aromatic herbs. A soft, fresh breeze danced on my cheek, and brought vigour to my frame. Day after day, I journeyed, and met no sign of human existence, no village, no culture, no resting-place, not even a tree. Day after day, I journeyed, and the land indi-

cated no termination. At an immense distance, the sky and the earth mingled in an uniform horizon. Sometimes, indeed, a rocky vein shot out of the soil; sometimes, indeed, the land would swell into long undulations; sometimes, indeed, from a dingle of wild bushes, a gazelle would rush forward, stare, and bound away.

Such was my first wandering in the Syrian desert! But remember it was the burst of spring. I could conceive nothing more delightful, nothing more unlike what I had anticipated. The heat was never intense, the breeze was ever fresh and sweet, the nocturnal heavens luminous and clear to a degree which it is impossible to describe. Instead of that uniform appearance, and monotonous splendour, I had hitherto so often gazed on, the stars

were of different tints and forms. Some were green, some white, some red; and, instead of appearing as if they only studied a vast and azure vault, I clearly distinguished them, at different distances, floating in æther.

I no longer wondered at the love of the Bedouins for their free and unsophisticated earth. It appeared to me, that I could have lived in the desert for ever. At night, we rested. Our camels bore us water in goat-skins, cakes of fuel, which they themselves produced, and scanty, although sufficient, provisions. We lit our fire, pounded our coffee, and smoked our pipes, while others prepared our simple meal, bread made at the instant, and on the cinders, a slice of dried meat, and a few dates.

I have described the least sterile of the deserts, and I have described it at the most favourable period. In general, the soil of the Syrian wilderness is not absolutely barren. The rains cover it with verdure, but these occur only for a very few weeks, when the rigour of a winter day arrests the clouds, and they dissolve into showers. At all other seasons, they glide over the scorched and heated plain, which has neither hills nor trees to attract them. It is then the want of water which is the occasion of this sterility. In the desert, there is not even a brook, springs are rare, and generally brackish, and it is on the artificial wells, stored by the rains, that the wanderer chiefly depends.

From the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Red Sea; from the banks of

the Nile to the Persian Gulf, over a spread of country three times the extent of Germany, Nature, without an interval, ceases to produce. Beneficent Nature ! Let us not wrong her ; for even in a land apparently so unfavoured, exists a numerous and happy race. As you wander along, the appearance of the desert changes. The wilderness, which is comparatively fertile in Syria, becomes rocky, when you enter Arabia, and sandy as you proceed. Here, in some degree, we meet with the terrible idea of the desert prevalent in Europe, but it is in Africa, in the vast and unexplored regions of Libya and Zahara, that we must seek for that illimitable and stormy ocean of overwhelming sand, which we associate with the popular idea of the desert.

The sun was nearly setting, when an Arab horseman, armed with his long lance, was suddenly observed on an eminence in the distance. He galloped towards us, wheeled round and round, scudded away, again approached, and our guide, shouting, rode forward to meet him. They entered into earnest conversation, and then joined us. Abdallah, the guide, informed me that this was an Arab of the tribe I intended to visit, and that we were very near their encampment.

The Desert was here broken into bushy knolls, which limited the view. Advancing, and mounting the low ridge on which we had first observed the Bedouin, Abdallah pointed out to me; at no great distance, a large circle of low black tents, which otherwise I might not have observed,

or have mistaken them, in the deceptive twilight, for some natural formation. On the left of the encampment, was a small grove of palm trees, and when we had nearly gained the settlement, a procession of women in long blue robes, covering, with one hand, their faces with their veils, and, with the other, supporting on their heads a tall and classically formed vase, advanced, with a beautiful melody, to the fountain, which was screened by the palm trees.

The dogs barked, some dark faces and long matchlocks suddenly popped up behind the tents. The Bedouin, with a shout, galloped into the encampment, and soon reappeared with several of his tribe. We dismounted. I entered the interior court of the camp, which was filled with

camels and goats. There were few persons visible, although, as I was conducted along to the tent of the chief, I detected many faces staring at me from behind the curtains of their tents. The pavilion of the Scheik was of considerable size. He himself was a man advanced in years, but hale and lively; his long, white beard curiously contrasting with his dark visage. He received me, sitting on a mat, his son standing on his right hand, without his slippers, and a young grandchild squatting by his side.

He welcomed me with the usual oriental salutation; touching his forehead, his mouth, and his heart, while he exclaimed, 'Salam;' thus indicating that all his faculties and feelings were devoted to me. He motioned, that we should seat ourselves

on the unoccupied mats, and taking from his mouth a small pipe of date wood, gave it to his son to bear to me. A servant instantly began pounding coffee. I then informed him, through Abdallah, that having heard of his hospitality and happy life, I had journeyed, even from Damascus, to visit him, that I greatly admired the Bedouin character, and I eulogised, their valour, their independence, their justice, and their simplicity.

He answered, that he liked to be visited by Franks, because they were wise men, and requested that I would feel his pulse.

I performed this ceremony with becoming gravity, and enquired, whether he were indisposed. He said, that he was well, but that he might be better. I told him that his pulse was healthy and strong for

one of his age, and I begged to examine his tongue, which greatly pleased him, and he observed, that he was eighty years of age, and could ride as well, and as long; as his son.

Coffee was now brought. I ventured to praise it. He said it was well for those who had not wine. I observed that wine was not suited to these climes, and that although a Frank, I had myself renounced it. He answered, that the Franks were fond of wine, but that for his part, he had never tasted it, although he should like once.

I regretted, that I could not avail myself of this delicate hint, but Lausanne produced a bottle of eau-de-cologne, and I offered him a glass. He drank it with great gravity, and asked for some for his son, observing, it was good Raki, but not

wine.* I suspected from this, that he was not totally unacquainted with the flavour of the forbidden liquor, and I dared to remark with a smile, that Raki had one advantage over wine, that it was not forbidden by the Prophet. Unlike the Turks, who never understand a jest, he smiled, and then said that the Book (meaning the Koran) was good for men who lived in cities, but that God was everywhere.

Several men now entered the tent, leaving their slippers on the outside, and, some saluting the Scheik as they passed, seated themselves.

I now enquired after horses, and asked him, whether he could assist me in purchasing some of the true breed. The old Scheik's eyes sparkled, as he informed me,

that he possessed four mares of pure blood and that he would not part with one, not even for fifty thousand piastres. After this hint, I was inclined to drop the subject, but the Scheik seemed interested by it, and enquired, 'if the Franks had any horses ?

I answered, that some Frank nations were famous for their horses, and mentioned the English, who had bred a superb race from the Arabs. He said he had heard of the English, and asked me which was the greatest nation of the Franks ? I told him there were several equally powerful, but perhaps that the English nation might be fairly described as the most important. He answered, 'Aye ! on the sea, but not on land.'

He was surprised by the general know-

ledge indicated by this remark, and more so when he further observed, that there was another nation stronger by land. I mentioned the Russians. He had not heard of them, notwithstanding the recent war with the Porte. The French? I enquired. He knew the French, and then told me he had been at the siege of Acre, which explained all this intelligence. He then enquired, if I were an Englishman? I told him my country, but was not astonished that he had never heard of it. I observed that when the old man spoke, he was watched by his followers with the greatest attention, and they grinned with pride and exultation at his knowledge of the Franks, showing their white teeth, elevating their eyes, and exchanging looks of wonder.

Two women now entered the tent, at which I was surprised. They had returned from the fountain, and wore small black masks, which covered the upper part of their face. They knelt down at the fire, and made a cake of bread, which one of them handed to me. I now offered to the Schcik my own pipe, which Lausanne had prepared. Coffee was again handed, and a preparation of sour milk and rice, not unpalatable.

I offered the Schcik renewed compliments on his mode of life, in order to maintain conversation, for the chief, although, like the Arabs in general, of a very lively temperament, had little of the curiosity of what are considered the more civilised orientals, and asked very few questions.

‘We are content,’ said the Scheik.

‘Then believe me you are in the condition of no other people,’ I replied.

‘My children,’ said the Scheik, ‘hear the words of this wise man! If we lived with the Turks,’ continued the chieftain, ‘we should have more gold and silver, and more clothes, and carpets, and baths; but we should not have Justice and Liberty. Our luxuries are few, but our wants are less.’

‘Yet you have neither priests nor lawyers?’

‘When men are pure, laws are useless: when men are corrupt, laws are broken.’

‘And for Priests?’

‘God is everywhere.’

The women now entered with a more substantial meal, the hump of a young

camel. I have seldom eaten anything more delicate and tender. This dish was a great compliment, and could only have been offered by a wealthy Scheik. Pipes and coffee followed.

The moon was shining brightly, when, making my excuses, I quitted the pavilion of the Chieftain, and went forth to view the humours of the camp. The tall camels crouching on their knees in groups, with their outstretched necks, and still and melancholy visages, might have been mistaken for works of art, had it not been for the process of rumination. A crowd was assembled round a fire, before which a poet recited impassioned verses. I observed the slight forms of the men, short and meagre, agile, dry, and dark, with teeth dazzling white, and quick,

black glancing eyes. They were dressed in cloaks of coarse black cloth, apparently of the same stuff as their tents, and few of them, I should imagine, exceeded five feet two or three inches in height. The women mingled with the men, although a few affected to conceal their faces on my approach. They were, evidently, deeply interested in the poetic recital. One passage excited their loud applause. I enquired its purport of Abdallah, who thus translated it to me. A Lover beholds his mistress, her face covered with a red veil. Thus he addresses her!

‘Oh! withdraw that veil, withdraw that red veil! Let me behold the beauty that it shrouds! Yes! let that rosy twilight fade away, and let the full Moon rise to my vision!’

Beautiful! Yet more beautiful in the language of the Arabs, for in that rich tongue, there are words to describe each species of twilight, and where we are obliged to have recourse to an epithet, the Arabs reject the feeble and unnecessary aid.

It was late ere I retired, and I stretched myself on my mat, musing over this singular people, who combined primitive simplicity of habits with the most refined feelings of civilization, and who, in a great degree, appeared to me to offer an evidence of that community of property and that equality of condition, which have hitherto proved the despair of European sages, and fed only the visions of their fanciful Utopias.

IV.

A SYRIAN village is very beautiful in the centre of a fertile plain. The houses are isolated, and each surrounded by palm trees; the meadows divided by rich plantations of Indian fig, and bounded by groves of olive.

In the distance rose a chain of severe and savage mountains. I was soon wandering, and for hours, in the wild, stony ravines of these shaggy rocks. At length, after several passes, I gained the ascent of a high mountain. Upon an opposite height, descending as a steep ravine, and forming, with the elevation on which I

rested, a dark and narrow gorge, I beheld a city entirely surrounded by, what I should have considered in Europe, an old feudal wall, with towers and gates. The city was built upon an ascent, and, from the height on which I stood, I could discern the terrace and the cupola of almost every house, and the wall upon the other side rising from the plain; the ravine extending only on the side to which I was opposite. The city was in a bowl of mountains. In the front, was a magnificent mosque, with beautiful gardens, and many light and lofty gates of triumph; a variety of domes and towers rose in all directions from the buildings of bright stone.

Nothing could be conceived more wild, and terrible, and desolate, than the sur-

roughing scenery, more dark, and stony, and severe; but the ground was thrown about in such picturesque undulations, that the mind, full of the sublime, required not the beautiful, and rich, and waving woods, and sparkling cultivation would have been misplaced. Except Athens, I had never witnessed any scene more essentially impressive. I will not place this spectacle below the city of Minerva. Athens and the Holy City in their glory must have been the finest representations of the Beautiful and the Sublime—the Holy City, for the elevation on which I stood was the Mount of Olives, and the city, on which I gazed, was JERUSALEM!

Y.

THE dark gorge beneath me was the vale of Jehoshaphat : farther on, was the fountain of Siloah. I entered by the gate of Bethlehem, and sought hospitality at the Latin Convent of Terra Santa.

Easter was approaching, and the city was crowded with pilgrims. I had met many caravans in my progress. The convents of Jerusalem are remarkable. That of the Armenian Christians, at this time, afforded accommodation for four thousand pilgrims. It is a town of itself, and possesses within its walls streets and shops. The Greek Convent held perhaps half as many. And the famous Latin Convent of

Terra Santa, endowed by all the monarchs of Catholic Christendom, could boast only of one pilgrim—myself! The Europeans have ceased to visit the Holy Sepulchre.

As for the interior of Jerusalem, it is hilly and clean. The houses are of stone, and well built, but, like all Asiatic mansions, they offer nothing to the eye, but blank walls and dull portals. The Mosque I had admired was the famous Mosque of Omar, built upon the supposed site of the Temple. It is perhaps the most beautiful of Mahomedan temples, but the Frank, even in the Eastern dress, will enter it at the risk of his life. The Turks of Syria have not been contaminated by the heresies of their enlightened Sultan. In Damascus, it is impossible to appear in the Frank dress, without being pelted; and although

they would condescend, perhaps, at Jerusalem to permit an infidel dog to walk about in his national dress, he would not escape many a curse, and many a scornful exclamation of 'Giaour!' There is only one way to travel in the east with ease, and that is with an appearance of pomp. The Turks are much influenced by the exterior, and although they are not mercenary, a well-dressed and well-attended infidel will command respect.

VI

THE church of the Holy Sepulchre is nearly in the middle of the city, and professedly built upon Mount Calvary, which it is alleged was levelled for the structure. Within its walls they have contrived to assemble the scenes of a vast number of incidents in the life of the Saviour, with a highly romantic violation of the unity of place. Here the sacred feet were anointed, there the sacred garments parcelled, from the pillar of the Scourging to the rent of the Rock, all is exhibited in a succession of magical scenes. The truth is, the whole is an ingenious imposture of a compara-

tively recent date, and we are indebted to that favoured individual, the Empress Helen, for this exceedingly clever creation, as well as for the discovery of the true Cross. The learned believe, and with reason, that Calvary is at present, as formerly, without the walls, and that we must seek for this celebrated elevation in the lofty hill now called Sion.

The church is a spacious building, surmounted by a dome. Attached to it, are the particular churches of the various Christian sects, and many chapels and sanctuaries. Mass in some part, or other is constantly celebrating, and companies of pilgrims may be observed in all directions visiting the holy places, and offering their devotions. Latin, and Armenian, and Greek friars are everywhere moving about.

The court is crowded with the vendors of relics and rosaries. The Church of the Sepulchre itself is a point of common union, and in its bustle and lounging character, rather reminded me of an exchange than a temple.

One day, as I was pacing up and down this celebrated building, in conversation with a very ingenious Neapolitan friar, experienced in the East, my attention was attracted by one who, from his sumptuous dress, his imposing demeanour, self-satisfied air, and the coolness with which, in a Christian temple, he waved in his hand a rosary of Mecca, I for a moment considered a Moslem. 'Is it customary for the Turks to visit this place?' I inquired, drawing the attention of my companion to the stranger.

The stranger is not a Turk,' answered the friar, 'though, I fear, I cannot call him a Christian. It is Marigny, a French traveller. Do you not know him? I will introduce you. He is a man of distinguished science, and has resided some months in this city, studying Arabic.'

We approached him, and the friar made us acquainted.

'Salam Aleikoum! Count. Here at least is no Inquisition. Let us enjoy ourselves. How mortifying, my good brother Antony, that you cannot burn me!'

The friar smiled, and was evidently used to this raillery.

'I hope yet to behold the Kaaba,' said Marigny, 'it is at least more genuine than anything we here see.'

‘Truth is not truth to the false,’ said Brother Antony.

‘What, you reason!’ exclaimed Marigny. ‘Stick to Faith and Infallibility, my good friend Antonio. I have just been viewing the rent in the rock. It is a pity, holy father, that I have discovered that it is against the grain.’

‘The greater the miracle,’ said the Friar.

‘Bravo! you deserve to be a bishop.’

‘The Church has no fear of just reasoners,’ observed Brother Antony.

‘And is confuted, I suppose, only by the unjust,’ rejoined Marigny.

‘Man without religion is a wild beast,’ remarked the friar.

‘Which religion?’ inquired Marigny.

‘ There is only one true religion,’ said brother Antony.

‘ Exactly ; and in this country, Master Antony, remember you are an infidel.’

‘ And you, they say, are a Moslemin.’

‘ They say wrong. I believe, in no human revelation, because it obtrudes the mind of another man into my body, and must destroy morality, which can only be discovered by my own intelligence.’

‘ All is Divine revelation,’ said a stranger who joined us.

‘ Ah ! Werner,’ said Marigny, ‘ you see we are at our old contests.’

‘ All is Divine revelation,’ repeated Werner, ‘ for all comes from God.’

‘ But what do you mean by God ?’

‘ I mean the great luminous principle of existence, the first Almighty Cause from

whom we are emanations, and in whose essence we shall again mingle.'

'I asked for bread, and you give me a stone. I asked for a fact, and you give me a word. I cannot annex an idea to what you say. Until my Creator gift me with an intelligence that can comprehend the idea of his existence, I must conclude, that he does not desire that I should busy myself about it.'

'That idea is implanted in our breasts,' said Werner.

'Innate!' exclaimed Marigny, with a sneer.

'And why not innate?' replied Werner, solemnly. 'Is it impossible for the Great Being who created us, to create us with a sense of his existence?'

'Listen to these philosophers,' said

Brother Anthony ; ‘ I never heard two of them agree. I must go to mass.’

‘ Mr. Werner, and myself, Count,’ said Marigny, ‘ are about to smoke a pipe with Besso, a rich Hebrew merchant here. He is one of the finest-hearted fellows in the world, and generous as he is rich. Will you accompany us? You will greatly honour him, and find in his divan some intelligent society.’

VII.

MARIGNY was a sceptic, and an absolute materialist, yet he was influenced by noble views, for he had devoted his life to science, and was now, at his own charge, about to penetrate into the interior of Africa, by

Sennaar. Werner was a German divine, and a rationalist, tauntingly described by his companion as a devout Christian, who did not believe in Christianity. Yet he had resided in Palestine and Egypt nearly four years, studying their language, and customs, and accumulating materials for a history of the miraculous creed, whose miracles he explained. Both were men of remarkable intellectual powers, and the ablest champions of their respective systems.

I accompanied these new acquaintances to the house of Besso, and was most hospitably received, and sumptuously entertained. I have seldom met a man with more easy manners, and a more gracious carriage than Besso who, although sincere in his creed, was the least bigoted of his

tribe. He introduced us to his visitor, his friend, and correspondent, Sheriff Effendi, an Egyptian merchant, and who, fortunately, spoke the lingua Franca with facility. The other guest was an Englishman, by name Benson, a missionary, and a very learned, pious, and acute man.

Such was the party in whose society I generally spent a portion of my day during my residence at Jerusalem, and I have often thought, that were the conversations to which I have there listened, recorded, a volume might be sent forth of more wit and wisdom, than are now usually met with. The tone of discussion was, in general, metaphysical and scientific, varied with speculations principally on African travel, a subject with which Sheriff Effendi was well acquainted. In metaphysics,

sharp were the contests between Benson, Marigny, and Werner, and, on all sides, ably maintained. I listened to them with great interest, Besso smiled, and Sheriff Effendi shrugged his shoulders.

Understanding this mild and intelligent Moslem in a few days about to join the caravan over the desert through Gaza to Egypt, I resolved to accompany him. I remember well, that on the eve of our departure, one of those metaphysical discussions arose in which Marigny delighted. When it terminated, he proposed, that as our agreeable assembly was soon about to disperse, each of us should inscribe on a pannel of the wall, some sentence as a memorial of his sojourn.

Benson wrote first, *For us in Adam all*

die, so in Christ all men shall be made alive.'

Werner wrote, '*Glory to Christ! The Supernatural has destroyed the Natural.*'

Marigny wrote, '*Knowledge is human.*'

Besso wrote, '*I will not believe in those, who must believe in me.*'

Sheriff Effendi wrote, '*God is great. Man should be charitable.*'

Contarini Fleming wrote, '*Time.*'

These are the words that were written in the house of Besso, the Hebrew, residing at Jerusalem, near the Gate of Sion. Amen! Travel teaches Toleration.

VIII.

PERCHANCE, while I am writing these pages, some sage may be reading, in the once mysterious inscriptions of the most ancient of people, some secret which may change the foundations of human knowledge. Already the chronology of the world assumes a new aspect, already in the now intelligible theology of Egypt, we have discovered the origin of Grecian polytheism, already we have penetrated beyond the delusive veil of Ptolemaic transmutation: Isis has yielded to Athor, and Osiris to Kneph. The scholar discards the Grecian nomenclature of

Sesotris and Memnon. In the temples of Carnac, he discovers the conquests of Rameses, and in the palaces of Medinet Abou, the refined civilization of Amenoph.

Singular fate of modern ages, that beneficent Omnipotence has willed, that for all our knowledge, we should be indebted to the most insignificant of ancient states. Our divine instruction is handed down to us by an Arabian tribe, and our profane learning flows only from the clans of the *Ægean*!

Where are the records of the great Assyrian monarchy? Where are the books of the Medes and Persians? Where the learned annals of the Pharaohs?

Fortunate Jordan! Fortunate Ilissus! I have waded through the sacred waters; with difficulty, I traced the scanty wind-

ings of the classic stream. Alas! for the exuberant Tigris; alas! for the mighty Euphrates; alas! for the mysterious Nile!

A river is suddenly found flowing through the wilderness; its source is unknown. On one side, are interminable wastes of sand; on the other, a rocky desert and a narrow sea. Thus it rolls on for five hundred miles, throwing up on each side, to the extent of about three leagues, a soil fertile as a garden. Within a hundred and fifty miles of the sea, it divides into two branches, which wind through an immense plain, once the granary of the world. Such is Egypt!

From the cataracts of Nubia to the gardens of the Delta, in a course of twelve hundred miles, the banks of the Nile are covered at slight intervals with temples

and catacombs, pyramids, and painted chambers. The rock temples of Ipsambol, guarded by colossal forms, are within the roar of the second cataract: avenues of sphinxes lead to Derr, the chief town of Nubia: from Derr to the first cataract, the Egyptian boundary, a series of rock temples conduct to the beautiful and sacred buildings of Philæ: Edfou and Esneh are a fine preparation for the colossal splendour and the massy grace of ancient Thebes.

Even after the inexhaustible curiosity and varied magnificence of this unrivalled record of ancient art, the beautiful Dendera, consummate blending of Egyptian imagination and Grecian taste, will command your enthusiastic gaze, and if the catacombs of Siout, and the chambers

of Benihassan prove less fruitful of interest after the tombs of the Kings, and the cemeteries of Gornou, before you are the obelisks of Memphis, and the pyramids of Gizeh, Saccarah, and Dashour!

IX.

THE traveller, who, crosses the Desart, and views the Nile with its lively villages, clustered in groves of palm, and its banks entirely lined with that graceful tree, will bless with sincerity, 'the Father of Waters.' 'Tis a rich land, and indeed flowing with milk and honey. The Delta, in its general appearance, somewhat reminded me

of Egypt. The soil everywhere is a rich black mud without a single stone. The land is so uniformly flat, that those who arrive by sea, do not detect it until within half a dozen miles, when a palm tree creeps upon the horizon, and then you observe the line of land that supports it. The Delta is intersected by canals which are filled by the rising Nile. It is by their medium, and not by the absolute overflowing of the river, that the country is periodically deluged.

The Arabs are gay, witty, vivacious, and very susceptible and acute. It is difficult to render them miserable, and a beneficent government might find in them the most valuable subjects. A delightful climate is some compensation for a grinding tyranny. Every night, as they row along

the moonlit river, the boatmen join in a melodious chorus, shouts of merriment burst from each illumined village, everywhere are heard the sounds of laughter and of music, and wherever you stop, you are saluted by the dancing girls. These are always graceful in their craft; sometimes very agreeable in their persons. They are gaily, even richly dressed. in bright colours with their hair braided with pearls, and their necks and foreheads adorned with strings of gold coin. In their voluptuous dance, we at once detect the origin of the boleros, and fandangos, and castanets of Spain.

I admire very much the Arab women. They are very delicately moulded. Never have I seen such twinkling feet, and such small hands. Their complexion is clear,

and not dark; their features beautifully formed, and sharply defined; their eyes liquid with passion, and bright with intelligence. The traveler is delighted to find himself in an Oriental country where the women are not imprisoned, and scarcely veiled. For a long time, I could not detect the reason, why I was so charmed with Egyptian life. At last, I recollected, that I had recurred, after a long estrangement, to the cheerful influence of women.

I FOLLOWED the course of the Nile far into Nubia, and did not stop until I was

under the tropic of Cancer. Shortly after quitting Egypt, the landscape changes. It is perfectly African; mountains of burning sand, vegetation unnaturally vivid, groves of cocoa trees, groups of crocodiles, and an ebony population in a state of nudity, armed with spears of reeds, and shields of the hippopotamus and the giraffe.

The voyage back was tedious, and I was glad, after so much wandering, to settle down in Cairo.

XI.

CAIRO is situate on the base of considerable hills, whose origin cannot be accounted for, but which are undoubtedly artificial. They are formed by the ruins and the ru-

bis, of long centuries. When I witness these extraordinary formations, which are not uncommon in the neighbourhood of Eastern cities, I am impressed with the idea of the immense antiquity of oriental society.

There is a charm about Cairo, and it is this,—that it is a capital in a desert. In one moment you are in the stream of existence, and in the other, in boundless solitude, or, which is still more awful, the silence of tombs. I speak of the sepulchres of the Mamlouk Sultans without the city. They form what may indeed be styled a City of the Dead, an immense Necropolis, full of exquisite buildings, domes covered with fretwork, and minarets carved and moulded with rich and elegant fancy. To me, they proved much

more interesting than the far-famed P~~r~~amids, although their cones in a distance are indeed sublime,—their grey cones soaring in the light blue sky.

The genius that has raised the tombs of the Sultans, may also be traced in many of the mosques of the city—splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture. In gazing upon these brilliant creations, and also upon those of ancient Egypt, I have often been struck by the felicitous system which they display, of ever forming the external ornaments by inscriptions. How far excelling the Grecian and Gothic method! Instead of a cornice of flowers, or an entablature of unmeaning fancy, how superior to be reminded of the power of the Creator, or the necessity of Government, the deeds of conquerors, or the discoveries of Arts!

It was in these solitary rides in the Desert of Cairo, and in these lone wanderings amid the tombs of the Sultans, that I first again felt the desire of composition. My mind appeared suddenly to have returned. I became restless, disquieted. I found myself perpetually indulging in audible soliloquy, and pouring forth impassioned monologues. I was pleased with the system of oriental life, and the liberty in which, in Egypt, Franks can indulge. I felt no inclination to return to Europe, and I determined to cast my lot in this pleasant and fruitful land. I had already spent in Cairo several months, and I now resolved

to make it my permanent residence, when I received strange letters from my father. I style them strange, for there breathed throughout a tone of melancholy which with him was quite unusual, and which perplexed me. He complained of ill health, and expressed a hope that my wanderings were drawing to a close, and that we might again meet. I had been nearly six years absent. Was it possible? Was it indeed six years, since I stood upon Mount Jura? And yet in that time, how much had happened! How much had I seen, and felt, and learnt! What violent passions, what strange countries, what lively action, and what long meditation!

Strange as may have appeared my conduct to my father, I loved him devotedly. An indication of sentiment on his part ever

called forth all my latent affection. It was the conviction from which I could never divest myself, that he was one, who could spare no portion of his sense for the softer feelings, and that his conduct to me was rather in accordance with the system of society than instigated by what I should consider the feelings of a father—it was this conviction, that had alone permitted me so long to estrange myself from his hearth. But now he called me back, and almost in sorrow. I read his letter over and over again, dwelt on all its affection, and on all its suppressed grief. I felt an irresistible desire to hasten to him without a moment's delay. I longed to receive his blessing and his embrace.

I quitted Cairo. The Mahmudie canal was not yet open. I was obliged there-

fore to sail to Rosetta. Thence I crossed the desert in a constant mirage, and arrived at the famous Alexandria. In this busy port, I was not long in finding a ship. One was about to sail for Ancona. I engaged a passage and soon the land and sands of Egypt vanished from sight.

XIII.

OUR passage was tedious. The captain, was afraid of pirates, and, alarmed in the night, suddenly changed his course, and made for the Barbary coast, by which we lost our wind. We were becalmed off Candia. I once more beheld Mount Ida.

I induced the Captain to run into port. I landed once more on that fatal coast. The old Consul and his family were still there, and received me with a kindness, which reminded me of our first happy meeting. I slept in the same chamber. I woke in the morning; the sun was still shining, the bright plants still quivering in its beams. But the gazelle had gone, the white gazelle had died. And my gazelle——where was she?

I beheld our home, our once happy home. Spiro only was with me, and his family came forth with joy to greet him. I left them. I hastened with tremulous steps to the happy valley. I passed by the grove of orange trees. My strength deserted me. I leant nearly fainting

against a tree. At last, I dared to advance a step, and look forward.

I beheld it. Yes! I beheld it, green and verdant, and covered with white roses, but I dared not approach. I wafted it a kiss and a blessing, and rushed like a madman to the shore.

At Arcona, I entered the Lazaretto to perform a long quarantine. I instantly wrote to my father, and I dispatched a courier to my banker at Florence. I received from him in a few days a packet. I opened it with a sad foreboding. A letter in my father's hand-writing reassured me. I tore it open; I read.

XIV.

‘ MY beloved Contarini, the hand of death is upon me. Each day my energies decrease. I can conceal from others, but not from myself, my gradual, but certain decay. We shall not meet again, my child, I have a deep conviction we shall not meet again. Yet I would not die without expressing to you my love, without yielding to feelings which I have too long suppressed.

‘ Child of my affections! receive my blessing. Offspring of my young passion! let me press you, in imagination, to my lone bosom!

‘ Ah! why are you not with me, why

is not my hand in yours! There is much to say, more, more than I can ever express —yet I must write, for I would not die without my son doing justice to his father.

‘ As a child you doubted my love ; as a man, in spite of all your struggles, I am conscious you never divested yourself of the agonizing idea. Oh ! my Contarini, what is this life, this life of error, and misconception, and woe !

‘ My feeble pen trembles in my hand. There is much, there is much to write, much alas ! that never can be written. Why are we parted ?

‘ You think me cold ; you think me callous ; you think me a hollow-hearted worldling. Oh ! my Contarini, recall the doubt and misery of your early years, and all your wild thoughts, and dark misgiv-

ings, and vain efforts—recall all these, and behold the boyhood of your father !

‘ I, too, believed myself a poet—I, too, aspired to emancipate my kind—I, too, looked forward to a glorious future, and the dazzling vista of eternal fame. The passions of my heart were not less violent than yours, and not less ardent was my impetuous love.

‘ Woe ! woe ! the father and the son have been alike stricken. I know all, my Contarini ; I know all, my sweet, sweet child. I would have saved you from the bitter lot—I alone would have borne the deep despair.

‘ Was she fair, my Contarini ? Was she beautiful ? Alas ! there was once one as bright and as glorious—you knew not your mother.

‘I can remember the day but as yesterday, when I first gazed upon the liquid darkness of her eye. It was at that fatal city I will not name—horrible Venice !

‘I found her surrounded by a thousand slaves—I won her from amid this band ;—against the efforts and opposition of all her family, I won her. Yes! she was my bride—the beautiful daughter of this romantic land—a land to which I was devoted, and for which I would have perilled my life. Alas ! I perilled my love ! My imagination was fired by that wondrous and witching city. My love of freedom, my hatred of oppression burned each day with a brighter and more vehement flame. I sighed over its past glory and present degradation, and when I mingled my blood with the veins of the Contarini, I

vowed I would revive the glory they had themselves created.

‘ Venice was at that time under the yoke of the French. The recollection of the Republic was still fresh in mens’ minds; the son of the last Doge was my relative and my friend. Unhappy Pasqualigo! thy memory demands a tear.

‘ We conspired. Even now my blood seems to flow with renewed force, when I recall the excitement of our secret meetings in the old Palazzo Contarini, on the Grand Lagune. How often has daylight on the waters reminded us of our long counsels!

‘ We were betrayed. Timely information permitted me to escape. I bore away my wife. We reached Mantua in safety. Perhaps it was the agitation of the event and the flight; since the tragedy of

Candie, I have sometimes thought it might have been a constitutional doom. But that fatal night, why, why recall it ! We have both alike suffered. No, no, not alike, for I had my child.

‘ My child, my darling child, even now your recollection maintains me, even now my cheek warms, as I repose upon the anticipation of your glory.

‘ I will not dwell upon what I now endured. Alas ! I cannot leave it to your imagination. Your reality has taught you all. I roved a madman amid the mountains of the Tyrol. But you were with me, my child, you were with me, and I looked upon your mild and pensive eyes, and the wildness of my thoughts died away.

‘ I recurred to those hopes of poetic fame which had soothed the dull wretchedness

of my boyhood. Alas! no flame from Heaven descended on my lyre. I experienced only mortification, and so complete was my wretchedness, so desolate my life, so void of hope and cheerfulness, and even the prospect of that common ease that the merest animals require, that had it not been for you, I would have freed myself from the indescribable burthen of my existence. My hereditary estates were confiscated; my friends, like myself, were in exile. We were, in fact, destitute, and I had lost all confidence in my energies.

Thus woe-begone, I entered Vienna, where fortunately I found a friend. Mingling in the artificial society of that refined city, those excited feelings, fed by my strange adventures and solitary life, subsided. I began to lose what was pecu-

liar in me, and share much that was general. Worldly feelings sprang up. Some success brought back my confidence. I believed that I was not destitute of power, but had only mistaken its nature. It was a political age. A great theatre seemed before me. I had ever been ambitious. I directed my desires in a new channel, and I determined to be a statesman.

‘I had attracted the attention of the Austrian minister. I became his secretary. You know the rest.

‘I resolved that my child should be happy. I desired to save him from the misery that clouded my own youth. I would have preserved him from the tyranny of impetuous passions, and the harrowing woe that awaits an ill-regulated mind. I observed in him a dangerous

susceptibility that alarmed me. I studied to prevent the indulgence of his feelings. I was kind, but I was calm. His imaginative temperament did not escape me. I perceived only hereditary weakness, and would have prevented hereditary woe. It was my aim to make him a practical man. Oh! Contarini, it was the anxiety of affection that prevented me from doing justice to your genius.

‘My son, my child, my only beloved, could I but once press you in my arms, I should die happy. And even now the future supports me, and I feel the glory of your coming fame irradiating my tomb.

‘Why, why, cannot we meet! I could say so much, although I would say only I loved you. The pen falls from my hand, the feeble pen, that has signified nothing.

Imagine what I would express, my Contarini, love me, love me. Cherish my memory, while you receive my blessing.

‘Let me fly, let me fly to him instantly!’ was my exclamation. I felt the horrors of my imprisonment: I wrung my hands, and stamped from helplessness. There was a packet. I opened it: a lock of rich, dark hair, whose colour was not strange to me, and a beautiful miniature, that seemed a portrait of my beloved, yet I gazed upon the countenance of my mother.

XV.

THERE was yet a letter from my banker,

which I long neglected to open. I opened it at last, and learned the death of my remaining parent.

The age of tears was past. That relief was denied me. I looked up to Heaven in despair. I flew to a darkened chamber. I buried my face in my hands, and lone and speechless, I delivered myself up for days to the silent agony of the past.

PART THE SEVENTH.

I LEANT against a column of the Temple of Castor. On one side was the Palace of the Cæsars; on the other, the colossal amphitheatre of Vespasian. Arches of triumph, the pillars of Pagan temples, and the domes of Christian churches, rose around me. In the distance, was the wide Campagna, the Claudian Aqueduct, and the Alban Mount.

Solitude and Silence reigned on that Sacred Road once echoing with the shouts and chariots of three hundred triumphs—

Solitude and Silence, meet companions of
 Imperial Desolation ! Where are the
 spoils of Egypt, and of Carthage ? Where
 the golden tribute of Iberia ? Where the
 long Gallic trophies ? Where are the rich
 armour, and massy cups, of Macedon ?
 Where are the pictures and statues of
 Corinth ? Where, the libraries of Athens ?
 Where is the broken bow of Parthia ?
 Where, the elephants of Pontus, and the
 gorgeous diadems of the Asian Kings ?

And where is Rome ? All nations rose
 and flourished, only to swell her splendour,
 and now I stand amid her ruins.

In such a scene, what are our private
 griefs and petty sorrow ? And what is
 Man ? I felt my nothingness. Life
 seemed flat, and dull, and trifling. I
 could not conceive that I could again

become interested in its base pursuits. I believed that I could no longer be influenced by Joy, or by Sorrow. Indifference alone remained.

A man clambered down the steep of the Palatine. It was Winter, flushed and eager from a recent excavation.

'What, Count,' he exclaimed, 'moralising in the Forum!'

'Alas! Winter, what is Life?'

'An excellent thing, as long as one can discover as pretty a Torso, as I have stumbled upon this morning.'

'A Torso! a maimed memorial of the past. The very name is melancholy.'

'What is the Past to me? I am not dead. You may be. I exist in the Present.'

'The vanity of the present overpowers me.'

‘Pooh!’ I tell you what, my friend, the period has arrived in your life, when you must renounce meditation. Action is now your part. ‘Meditation is culture. It is well to think until a man have discovered his genius, and developed his faculties, but then let him put his Intelligence in motion. Act, act, act; act without ceasing, and you will no longer talk of the vanity of life.’

‘But how am I to act?’

‘Create. Man is made to create, from the Poet to the Potter.’

II.

My father bequeathed me his entire property, which was more considerable than I had imagined, the Countess and her children being amply provided for by her own estate. In addition to this, I found that he had claimed in my favour the Contarini estates, to which, independent of the validity of my marriage, I was entitled through my mother. After much litigation, the question had been decided in my behalf, a few months before my return to Italy. I found myself, therefore, unexpectedly, a very rich man. I wrote to the Countess, and received from her a very

affectionate reply ; nor should I omit, that I was honoured by an autograph letter of condolence from the King, and an invitation to re-enter his service.

As I was now wearied with wandering, and desirous of settling down in life, and as I had been deprived of those affections, which render home delightful, I determined to find, in the creations of Art, some consolation and some substitute for that domestic bliss, which I value above all other blessings. I resolved to create a Paradise.

I purchased a large estate in the vicinity of Naples, with a palace and beautiful gardens. I called in the assistance of the first artists in the country, and I availed myself, above all, of the fine taste of my friend Winter. The palace was a Palladian pile,

built upon a stately terrace covered with orange and citron trees, and to which you ascended by broad flights of marble steps. The formation of the surrounding country was highly picturesque; hills beautifully peaked or undulating, and richly wooded, covered with the cypress and the ilex, and crowned with the stone pine. Occasionally, you caught a glimpse of the blue sea and the brilliant coast.

Upon the terrace, on each side of the portal, I have placed a colossal Sphinx, which were excavated when I was at Thebes, and which I was fortunate enough to purchase. They are of cream-coloured granite, and as fresh and sharp as if they were finished yesterday. There is a soft majesty and a serene beauty in the countenances, which are very remarkable.

It is my intention to build in these beautiful domains a Saracenic palace, which my oriental collections will befit, but which I hope also to fill with the masterpieces of Christian art. At present, in a gallery, I have placed some fine specimens of the Venetian, Roman, and Eclectic schools, and have ranged between them copies in marble, by Bertolini, of the most celebrated ancient statues. In one cabinet by itself is the gem of my collection, a Magdalen, by Murillo, and in another, a sleeping Cupid, by Canova, over which I have contrived by a secret light to throw a rosy flush, that invests the ideal beauty of the sculptor with still more ideal life. At the end of the gallery I have placed the portraits of my father and of my mother, the latter copied by an excellent artist from

the miniature. Between them is a frame of richly carved ivory, enclosing a black velvet veil, studded with white roses, worked in pearls.

Around me, I hope in time to create a scene which may rival in beauty and variety, although not in extent, the villa of Hadrian, whom I have always considered the most sumptuous and accomplished character of antiquity. I have already commenced the foundation of a tower which shall rise at least one hundred and fifty feet, and which I trust will equal in the beauty of the design, and the solidity of the masonry, the most celebrated works of antiquity. This tower I shall dedicate to the Future, and I intend that it shall be my tomb.

Lausanne has married, and will never

quit me. He has promised also to form a band of wind instruments, a solace necessary to solitude. Winter is my only friend and my only visitor. "He is a great deal with me, and has a studio in the palace. He is so independent, that he often arrives and quits it without my knowledge; yet I never converse with him without pleasure.

Here let me pass my life in the study and the creation of the Beautiful. Such is my desire; but whether it will be my career is, I feel, doubtful. My interest in the happiness of my race is too keen to permit me for a moment to be blind to the storms that lour on the horizon of society. Perchance also the political regeneration of the country to which I am devoted may not be distant, and in that great work I

am resolved to participate. Bitter jest, that the most civilized portion of the globe should be considered incapable of self-government !

When I examine the state of European society with the unimpassioned spirit which the philosopher can alone command, I perceive that it is in a state of transition—a state of transition from Feudal to Federal principles. This I conceive to be the sole and secret cause of all the convulsions that have occurred, and are to occur.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man ; but his conduct is in his own power. The great event is as sure as that I am now penning this prophecy of its occurrence. With us it rests whether it shall be welcomed by Wisdom or by Ignorance—whether its beneficent results shall be

accelerated by enlightened mind, or retarded by our dark passions.

What is the arch of the conqueror, what the laurel of the poet! I think of the infinity of Space, I feel my nothingness. Yet if I am to be remembered, let me be remembered as one who, in a sad night of gloomy ignorance and savage bigotry, was prescient of the flaming morning-break of bright philosophy,—as one who deeply sympathised with his fellow-men, and felt a proud and profound conviction of their perfectibility,—as one who devoted himself to the amelioration of his kind, by the destruction of error and the propagation of truth.

THE END.

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